

THE *Sign*



NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



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July 1947

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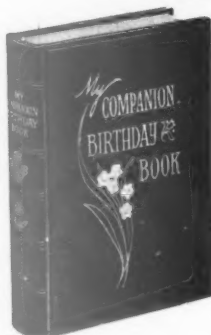
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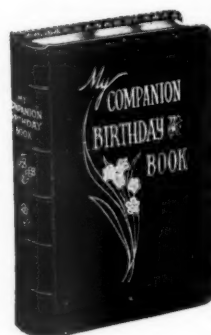
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Personal Mention

►Rev. John F. Cronin, S. S., is Assistant Director of the Department of Social Action, N.C.W.C. A native of Glens Falls, N. Y., he was educated at Holy Cross College and at Catholic University. He was formerly Professor of Economics at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, and is the author of several works on economic subjects, his most recent book being *Economic Analysis and Problems*.

►George Moorad, author of the recent book, *Behind the Iron Curtain*, roamed the Far East for five years as a correspondent for the *China Press*, the *Shanghai Times*, *Life*, and *Time*. After covering much of the Pacific war, he was assigned to London in 1943 and began his famous broadcasts from all parts of the world for the Columbia Broadcasting System. He was assigned to Moscow in 1944 and returned from there with Ambassador W. Averell Harriman the following year.

►One of the most unique privileges to befall a priest was that which belongs to Lt. Com. William J. Menster, USNR, as Catholic chaplain with the recent Byrd expedition to Antarctica: he consecrated the last continent on earth and he writes the story for the first time in this issue. Now on terminal leave, Father Menster has returned to his native Iowa after four and a half years naval duty. He was ordained in 1938 at Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati.

►Ted Le Berthon was born in San Francisco and was educated there and in Los Angeles. He has done newspaper work in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, and Los Angeles, is a contributing editor of the *Negro Digest* and is affiliated with Freedom House. Until recently he was an assistant editor of the *Catholic Digest*.

►Jean Holzhauer is a graduate of the Marquette School of Journalism, has worked for various Wisconsin newspapers, was Associate Editor of the *Catholic Herald Citizen* for two years, and is at present an English instructor at Marquette University.

►Art Smith has worked on sixteen newspapers throughout the country—in practically all the large cities, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, etc., and for the last five years on the *New York Daily News*. He has written for *American Mercury*, *Collier's*, etc.

July, 1947

THE Sign



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Editorial

France's Trojan Horse

THE Communist coup in Hungary indicates the path which Soviet strategists have marked out for their drive into Western Europe. Now Rumania is entirely surrounded, Czecho-Slovakia is neutralized by the nearness of Soviet power, direct pressure can be brought to bear on Italy from Hungary and Yugoslavia. Once Italy is communized, Soviet power would be established at France's back door. The fall of France to the Communists would leave our troops in Germany isolated and would assure the sovietization of all Europe.

It is possible that the Soviet planners envision a path to conquest leading over the same route from the West as well as from the East. Seizure of power in France would mean that the Communists could burn Europe from both ends.

At present the Communists are by far the strongest party in France. In the most recent elections they polled over 5,500,000 votes. But their power is not derived only from votes. The Party members, who are but a fraction of those who vote the Communist ticket, are a group of fanatics highly trained in sabotage, guerrilla warfare, street fighting, and in the art of spreading false and disturbing rumors at a time of crisis. They are thoroughly armed with all the weapons of modern warfare except tanks and airplanes.

The Communists are spread over France in a network that covers every nook and corner. In a matter of hours they could be assembled in military cadres to strike at strategic points such as arsenals, police headquarters, radio and power stations, railroads, air fields, and even military barracks.

PROBABLY the greatest power wielded by the Communists is control of the C.G.T., the centralized labor union, with its enrollment of nearly 6,000,000 members. The Communist leaders of this union could call a strike that would paralyze all of France's industry, commerce, and transportation, and bring ruin and even starvation to the French people.

Will the Communists attempt a seizure of power in France? They will, if and when Moscow decides that the moment has come. There are obstacles which Moscow may or may not consider insurmountable.

Within France the Communists will have to reckon with General de Gaulle's Reunion of the French

People. This organization, which already claims to have a million members, is strongly anti-Communist and in case of trouble with the Communists would undoubtedly rally to itself a majority of the people.

The Communists are aware of this and have been doing everything in their power to picture De Gaulle as a would-be dictator, another Hitler or Mussolini. As a matter of fact De Gaulle wants a system of government similar to the American. If the ideas he has advocated are Fascist, then so were Washington's and Jefferson's.

THE other great obstacle to a Communist seizure of power is that it would lead to civil war and foreign intervention. While there is no doubt that the French Communists would plunge their country into a civil war at a signal from Moscow, it is doubtful if the Reds are prepared as yet for a war so far from their home bases.

Communist control of France would mean that Stalin had accomplished what Hitler failed to do. The bungling policy of the Western nations has left him in complete control of nearly all of Eastern Europe. Now he is moving into Western Europe through the action of his fifth-column Communist parties.

We cannot stop Stalin through the U.N., which has been rendered completely impotent against a major power by the veto. We must make clear to him, by word and action—as we should have done to Hitler in 1936—that his present course is leading directly to war. In fact, even a few months from now it may be too late to settle the European crisis without an appeal to arms.

There is still a probability that the master minds of the Kremlin will stop short of war—not for any humanitarian reasons, but because they are not ready now. It is abundantly evident that nothing else will give them pause. We should lay our cards on the table before Stalin, like Hitler, has committed himself so far that it would be impossible for him to withdraw.

Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.



FACT AND COMMENT

EDITORIALS

In Pictures

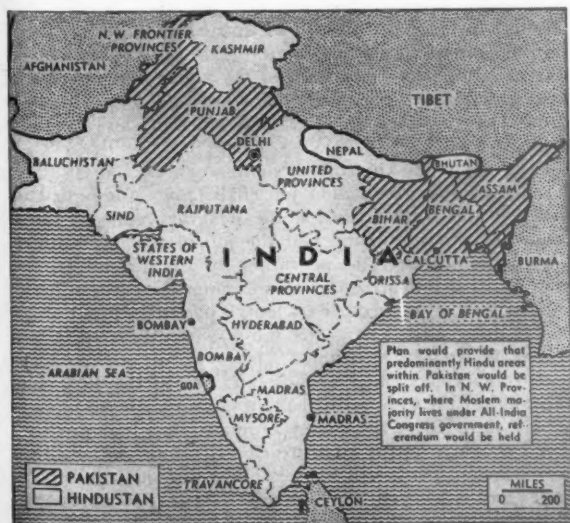
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In Print



International

A typical Red trick—holding as hostage the son of Ferenc Nagy, ousted Hungarian Premier, until he resigned, promised not to return. Here father and son are united.



Acme

Essence of British plan for India: Pakistan (Moslem) and Hindustan (Hindu) will set up their own governments, probably with dominion status. India's future shows some hope.

July, 1947

WHEN THE six-year-old independent Foreman's Association of America struck the Ford Motor Company last month in the futile belief that it could bring a giant to its knees, it of

Labor, Law, and Human Relations

course threw picket lines around the factories. These pickets carried, among others, one very pertinent, very interesting, even very fundamental slogan neatly printed on a placard. The slogan read, "What Has Happened to Human Relations?" Now this slogan is pertinent, because for over five months in all the wrangling about the Taft-Hartley labor legislation, during all the time of its stormy incubation and equally untranquil aftermath, this question the foremen poise should have been uppermost. We don't recall its having even been asked. It is interesting to see foremen, who are termed the outposts of management, first raising the issue in their own labor dispute; interesting, for maybe management itself will, through the power of suggestion, ask the same question. And—who knows?—may even try to answer it. But besides being pertinent and interesting, this question is fundamental. It gets down to rock bottom. For management and labor are two parties to a human relationship. And we may as well face the fact that no human relationship finds the key to harmony in a law.

The tragic misconception that has brought on so much industrial conflict and will always work mischief, law or no law, is the one that pictures management and labor as two fighters slugging it out and returning to their corners only when the refereeing government blows his legal whistle. That was precisely the unfortunate concept of the Tafts and the Hartleys in their legislative endeavors. Their idea was to equalize the struggle by depriving labor of its alleged advantages over management. In their appraisal, they had to take the lead out of labor's gloves.

"What has happened to human relations?" Will the idea of struggle and contest and industrial strife never be surrendered for the concept of co-operation and aid and industrial harmony? Employers and employees are not hostile forces. They are not contestants, each trying to best the other. They are partners, each giving what the other cannot give in a common effort to produce goods and services.

Common effort for the common good. And the common good does not embrace merely organized labor or organized industry. Trade unionism is a desirable thing. So are employers associations. But when they develop to the titanic proportions of modern brotherhoods and interlocking corporations of nationwide extent, when they always develop on parallel lines, there is bound to be major trouble. What is absolutely needed is some sort of joint council to bring together these parallel lines that never meet. A joint council of employers and employees in the various industries and crafts wherein management and labor can meet as partners. Joint councils at local levels, at regional levels, on a national level. It is the only way to bring back the human relationship between capital and labor that was lost in the industrial



Training in democracy and good will seems to be successful in Japan. Here is shown a collection being taken in Osaka for the victims of the blast in Texas City, U.S.A.



Victor Kravchenko, former Red Army officer, author of *I Chose Freedom*, at the House Investigation of Communist infiltration in Hollywood. Much is yet to be uncovered.



In the foreground, a mosque; in the background a U.S. flat-top in Istanbul Harbor. It sums up the contrast of what Turkey wants, what she must be in the face of Soviet aims.

revolution. And only when that human relationship is restored will the common good be served. This is the social teaching of the Church—and of common sense.

Justifiable as were so many of labor's objections to the Taft-Hartley legislation, still it was a sad commentary that during the months of deliberation no important union agent came forth with a single important constructive remedy for labor abuses. It was a sorry spectacle to see responsible union officials and self-appointed champions of labor able to offer little else than the fashioning of disparaging epithets. It was a disheartening truth that Senator Ives stated when he said, "We received no help whatever from the representatives of organized labor. Organized labor has no right now to complain too bitterly. They had their chance; they didn't come through." And many labor leaders are Catholics!

THE BLUNTNESS with which President Truman condemned Senator Taft's economics last month and the incisiveness of the Senator's rejoinder were regarded by some observers as the drawing of the battle lines for the 1948 presidential campaign. The exchange of opinion was spirited and sharp. But for all their unconcealed annoyance with each other, Truman and Taft had to agree on one incontrovertible principle which will have to be in the platform of both parties in the next election and ought to be in the minds of all businessmen and workers. That principle is that increased production is of prime importance in safeguarding the economic health of our nation.

We Need More Production

The President outlined the desirability of a program built on full production, full employment, high demand, and voluntarily controlled prices. He pointed out, aptly enough, that a high-demand economy need not be a high price economy, and that a fair price is one commensurate with a fair profit, not one that reaches up to as high a level as the traffic will bear. Mr. Taft responded by blaming the Administration for the present high prices and accused the President of trying to veto the law of supply and demand. Much of the responsibility for inflationary tendencies he attributed to Truman-aided wage increases which, he was careful to note, more than offset the 58.8 per cent rise of present cost over prewar cost of living. The cogency of Mr. Taft's argumentation on the relation between wages and the cost of living depended upon the very questionable presupposition that the prewar relationship between them was ideal and stood in need of no adjustment. But even though he insisted upon adding a probusiness phrase to his formulation of his basic principle, he, like the President, came back to the paramount importance of production and remarked, "Obviously, the soundest way to bring prices down is to increase productivity and otherwise decrease costs."

Even without taking into account world-wide needs, there is a tremendous production job challenging American businessmen and workers during the next few years. A recent economic survey revealed that the job of feeding, clothing, housing, educating, and providing for the general comfort of every American according to minimum standards of health and decency would require in 1950 a national output of 200 billion dollars worth of goods and services estimated at 1944 prices. Postulating continued operation of our economic system at levels as high as those attained in the 1920's and allowing for the average increase of output achieved in every decade since 1850, the survey estimated that our gross national product in 1950 could reach 177 billion dollars. Thus our estimated needs call for a volume of goods and services 13 per cent larger than our estimated output. The most potent factor for closing this gap would, of course, be an increase of output per man-hour. And when one reviews the stupendous accomplishments of American industry, despite all our strikes, slowdowns, and deliberate limitations on produc-

tion, it becomes clear that such an increase of output could be readily obtained without laying undue risks on American industrialists or unreasonable burdens on American workers.

By THIS TIME the issues have become pretty clear. By this time it should be plain as day to even the dullest victim of Communist guile that the chiefest reason why there is no

The Folly of "Operation Rathole"

peace in a world desperate for peace is because the Soviet does not want peace. There is nothing as stubborn as a fact, and all the trying to understand sympathetically the Soviet viewpoint and Soviet motives cannot alter the fact that Russia is obstructing peacemaking, thwarting the easing of human misery, vetoing all hopes for one world. The record is plain for all the world to see that Hitler was an amateur imperialist compared to Stalin, that the Nazi fifth column was a rank tyro outfit compared to the adroit, world-wide efficiency of the Communist Party. The United States alone spent some three hundred and thirty billion dollars to stamp out the menace of Hitlerism. Only to have all the fine idealism of the Atlantic Charter, sealed with the blood of America's youth, smashed by the cynicism of a super-Hitler.

In the two years since the war in Europe is over, we Americans have been generous, even prodigal, in trying to heal European wounds and hunger and hopelessness. Over eleven billion dollars have been spent, and all that has been accomplished is little better than a continental soup kitchen. Around Washington this pouring money down the drain has the apt moniker, "Operation Rathole."

Well, we can rejoice that the days of Operation Rathole are about over; that finally our policy is to reconstruct as much of Europe as is willing to go along on a productive basis; that a long-range plan for world recovery in the teeth of Soviet obstruction and expansion is about to be substituted for the patchwork pattern of doles. For only when the war-flattened nations are enabled to get out of breadlines and back to work can there be much hope of "containing" Communist aggression, can there be much sense in talking about peace.

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO, a Swiss portrait painter, who had just finished a painting of Pius XII, wrote to a friend in London and with the raptures of a sensitive artist described what seems to have been a most gratifying aesthetic experience. He prefaced his remarks with these words: "Here truly stood before me the incarnation of

A Hopeful Voice in a Glum World

the world's suffering." The aptness of that description seemed amply justified about two weeks later when Christ's earthly Vicar spoke to the College of Cardinals on his name's day. Only a man who had made the world's sorrows his own could speak with such poignancy about the plight of humanity. But what is more important still, only a man whose Christian hope had been made sturdy enough to withstand the repeated battering of even a whole world's sorrow could utter such a ringing appeal for a fearless facing of the future.

Pius XII did not refuse to look squarely at the world's ugliness. He looked beneath the false face under which Eastern Europe masquerades as democracy and he called what he saw there by its true name—tyranny. He bemoaned the moral apathy which condones in the victors methods of hate and violence which evoked indignation against the vanquished. He was not afraid to face the depressing truth that all our vaunted hopes and plans for world security, world prosperity, and world freedom are still so many shadowy daydreams. Yet this man of many sorrows, this man-whose office endows him with the buoyancy of eternal youth and the assuredness of century-old experience, could still speak with exuberant



Alcide de Gasperi, Italian Premier, shown firing a broadside at the Italian Communist Party. Well he might, for it is intent on betraying Italy and obeying the Kremlin.



This Italian family, homeless for three years, gets one meal a day from the Pontifical Assistance Committee. This is the sort of thing that makes Communism spread.



Acme

De Gaulle speaking at anniversary of the death of Governor Ebone at services in Bordeaux. De Gaulle's movement is spreading through France, much to the Communists' dislike.



European

In France's serious bread shortage, rural police, beating their drums, aid in the drive to get wheat from the farms. The pity is the farmers have so much reason for distrust.



International

Justice Emil Sandstrom (right), chairman of U.N. investigating committee now in Palestine. It has no easy job in the explosive Jewish-Arab struggle for the Holy Land.

confidence about a force from which "a mighty breath of pure air will sweep over the world, dissipating the atmosphere of panic and pessimism which threatens to poison it."

What is this force? Not a power which expresses itself in terms of atomic energy, armored divisions, economic resources, or trained manpower. It is a force which stems out of every life "nourished by the theological virtues of faith, hope, and charity." And though so-called practical men may despise his summons as the futile gesture of a visionary, it was assuredly a battle cry which Pius XII uttered when he directed this stirring challenge to Christians all over the world: "among the timorous be fearless; among the doubters be firm in faith; among the discouraged be strong in hope; and be full of love among the skeptics who are devoid of love."

He did not say that only the fashioners of world policy or only the makers of the world's new maps were included in his plea for such Christian behavior. He was talking to all his children. To the busy mother who may never even have time to read a newspaper or to listen to a single broadcast on world affairs; to the worried husband who is more concerned about a threatened layoff at the factory than about the remaking of a shattered Europe. For these can be "heroes of conjugal duty" in a world bent on destroying the family. The Pope's plea was above all else a plea for Christians to be Christians in their own particular sphere.

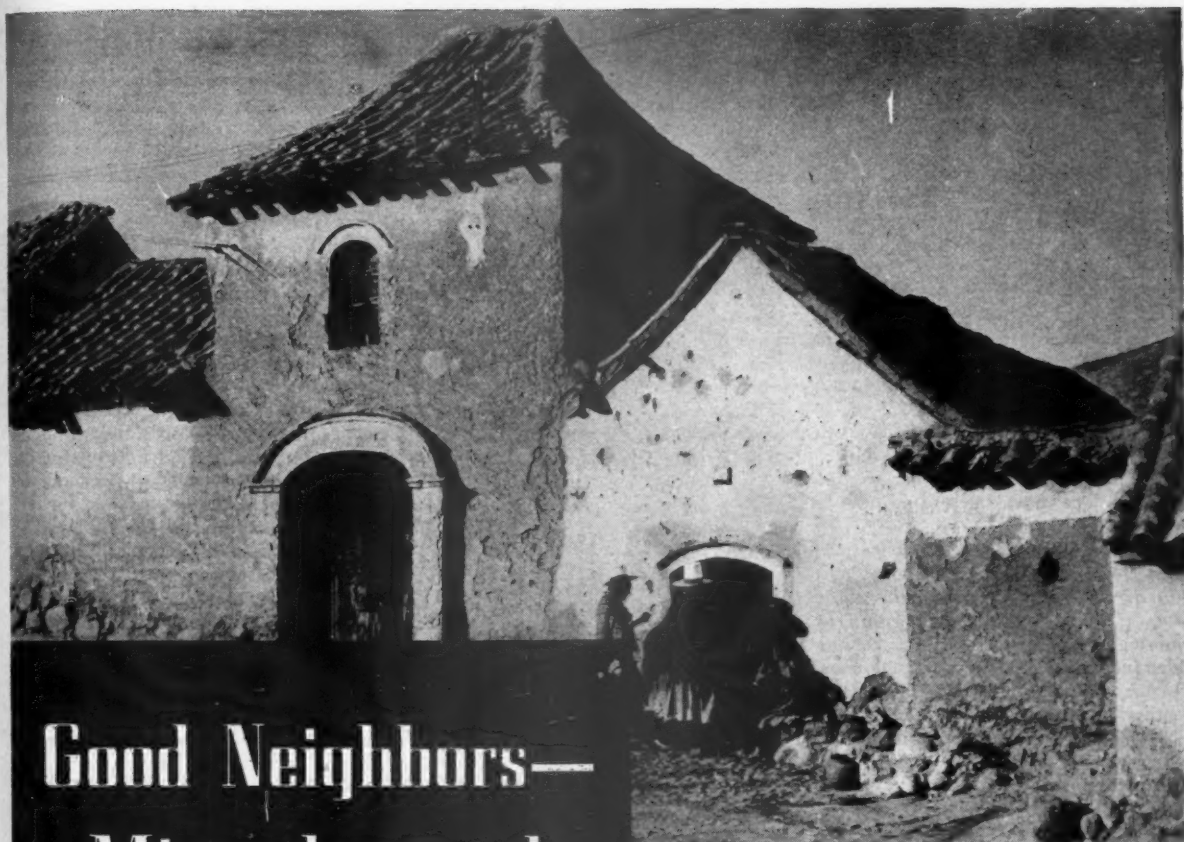
An impractical formula for world peace? It would be were we not sure with the certitude of faith that in the supernatural organism called the Mystical Body of Christ, there can be no such thing as spiritual isolationism. Even in the most hidden-away corner of the earth, there can be no love of God which does not have a salutary repercussion on the whole world. No one's life, not even a hermit's, is lived in a vacuum. The love in human hearts is always also out on the highways of the world; always making the world a better world. That is why Christ's Vicar said confidently, "The future belongs to those who love, not to those who hate."

A FACT that seems constantly to have been overlooked by the many sincere Americans who have so vigorously voiced their opposition to the Peron regime in Argentina is that the whole problem was never so simple as to be merely a question of United States-Argentine relations. The much broader, the much more important issue has

Inter-American Solidarity

been that the whole Good Neighbor Policy was in jeopardy. No one denies the imperative desirability of hemispheric solidarity. And like it or not, so far as Latin American nations are concerned, there can be no question of solidarity so long as Argentina is excluded. This should have been abundantly proved at San Francisco when the countries south of the Rio Grande insisted that Argentina be admitted to the United Nations. Diplomatic conditions worsened steadily during the final war years and while Spruille Braden blustered and waved his big stick. And during that time the very thing the whole of our diplomatic resources should have been concentrated on in avoiding, the attitude of our State Department was actually fostering by insult and default: the economic penetration of the Argentine by Soviet Russia. For the State Department should know that economic relations with the Soviet never remain merely commercial once the foothold for political infiltration is established.

Happily, George S. Messersmith, who recently resigned as Ambassador to Argentina, has been able to repair much of the damage done by the bumble bluster some were silly enough to call diplomacy. Now that American-Argentine amity is officially established, there can be hope for pan-American solidarity. The good Lord knows that in a disillusioned world this is no small favor to be thankful for.



Three Lions Photos

Good Neighbors— Misunderstood

Typical street scene: drab houses and colorful clothes

By FRANCIS GREENE

RECENTLY, a South American daily carried a photograph of several North Americans standing in front of the local airport. The caption read, "Arrival of First Group of North American Tourists in Postwar Era." If the hopes of the airplane and steamship lines eventuate, those North Americans were but the first of thousands to come.

This article is not concerned with the average tourist as such. If he is not completely blind, and if he occasionally wanders away from a herded tour of the big cities, he will find that South America is not the land of paradise and adventure that Hollywood, the tourist posters, and the pulp magazines may have led him to believe. The people of South America are interesting, but no more glamorous than the people next door to his own home. The large cities are just cities, and nothing more; and the Indians are picturesque only in photographs. The tourists will discover that life for the average South American is not one interminable round of soft lights, tango music, and tropical nights;

he will learn that the great majority spend their days in the pursuit of tomorrow's rice and chicken. In all probability, he will enjoy himself immensely, for the dyed-in-the-wool tourist is not easily disappointed.

There is a class of tourists with which we are especially concerned. Among the thousands yet to visit South America will be many Catholic educators, businessmen, social workers, professional men; in general, Catholics who are interested more in the cultural, social, and religious life of the people of Latin America, than in the average, pleasure-bent tourist. The question is: What impressions about the Catholic Church in South America will these North Americans take back with them? South Amer-

ican Catholicism needs the help of the Church in the United States, and whether or not that help will be forthcoming depends to a great extent on how Catholic tourists report conditions when they address their classes, their patients, their clubs, their readers, and friends in general.

The North American Catholic has been taught by the Catholic magazines and newspapers that South America is a continent of Catholic nations, and that Catholicism penetrates every phase of life in those countries. He has read that some governments are so thoroughly Catholic that they have excluded Protestant missionaries from certain regions. He has heard of the magnificent religious fiestas and of the well-attended

South American Catholicism is in harmony with the culture in which it grew. Tourists have often misappraised it

national Eucharistic Congresses. But little of what he has read or heard has prepared him for most of what he will find. In much of their externals, Catholicism in the United States and Catholicism in Latin America are historically, culturally, and materially different.

FOR the North American Catholic, from a land of well-kept churches and faithful sextons, it is not hard to find fault with most of the Latin American churches: they are decidedly on the shabby side. All the silver altars, beautifully carved choir stalls, and old oil paintings cannot disguise the fact that most of the churches today are dark, damp, and generally run down. The tourist will shortly come to feel that there is an overemphasis on processions, votive candles, and statues. The statues will repel him, because the rural Indian has different tastes in images than we have.

He will find Sunday Mass in rural areas an interesting, if not always an edifying, experience. Occasionally, while Mass is being celebrated, a group of workmen mix concrete off at one side; Indian mothers squat on the floor, nursing their babies; a shaggy mongrel wanders across the sanctuary; and several women work their way through the prayers in a loud, distracting whine. The ceremonies will start anywhere from half an hour to an hour late, the sermon will be too long and flowery according to our standards, and the celebrant will probably need a shave.

The North American will not have to be particularly observant to notice that he is one of a mere handful of men at Mass. The South American male does not, as a rule, go to church. He considers churchgoing as the rightful occupation of his women folk, and apparently relies on their praying him into Heaven.

These are the things that are readily observed by the casual tourist. If he stays in a South American country for a fairly long period of time, more serious aspects of the problem present themselves. He learns that there is an alarmingly high rate of illegitimacy and concubinage. In one large city last year, the rate went as high as 50 per cent; in the country districts, the percentage is much higher. Couples who have lived faithfully together for years are not married in the Church, although professing themselves to be Catholic.

Apparent too, in some sections, is a sneering attitude toward the priest. The celibacy of the priest is often not considered a virtue. Compelled by custom to wear the cassock at all times, the priest involuntarily increases the impression of effeminacy. In some sections, he has been deprived of his political rights—even the right to vote. He is seldom asked to visit the better homes

and is considered to be of an inferior social class. These conditions contribute to a serious lack of vocations; the secular clergy are woefully few. The former vicar general of a diocese, in discussing the problem, said in effect that it is impossible to expect young men of good families to enter inferior and poorly conducted seminaries, with the almost certain prospect of leading the life of social outcasts later.

The North American Catholic will be struck by the poor administration of the Church. Harassed by the constant need of making a little go a long way, in regard to both priests and financial resources, the bishops are often at their wits' end. Forced by poverty to be subsidized by the governments, the Church has become too dependent. Noticeable, also, is the lack of social work being



Wealthy Brazilian child is dressed beautifully for First Communion

done by the Church. There is little apparent effort to solve the ever-present Indian problem or to better the poor condition of the lower classes. Communists and Socialists are playing on this failure, to the detriment of the shaky hold the Church has on the people.

These, then, are the facts that confront the North American Catholic in South America. Latin America is a group of many individual nations, and it is dangerous to predicate all these things of each and every country; but the tourist who visits more than one section will encounter all of them eventually. These conditions are more prevalent in some countries than in others and are always more noticeable in the country districts than in the cities. The visitor who sees these conditions for the

first time is bewildered and puzzled. They do not add up to the much-vaunted Catholic culture of which he has heard. The danger lies in his not evaluating the situation correctly, and consequently in his returning to his own country with a discouraged and sour attitude toward his southern neighbors.

One visiting Catholic, when asked recently what he thought of South American Catholicism, replied, "For my money, you can cut the whole continent off, and let it float free!" This may seem a humorous answer, but it will be a tragic one if it is adopted by United States Catholics as a whole.

Equally one-sided was the opinion of a priest who made a hurried trip through South America. "The hope of the Catholic Church," he said, "lies in South America, because it is one of the few places in the world where Catholics are reproducing themselves."

Neither attitude is correct. The situation is not so helpless as the first tourist reports it, or as hopeful as the second believes. The truth lies somewhere between the two opinions, and that truth will be perceived only when the North American stops viewing the Church in South America in the light of the Church in the United States, and studies it in the light of its past history and its present surroundings. What at first seem to be defects of the Church, soon become recognized as the offshoots of a whole culture, which the Church but reflects. Religion is of the people, and it is tempered and modified in its external accidentals by the nature of the people and by their environment.

IT is unjust to attribute solely to the Church customs that permeate the whole social structure. If the poorer Latin American churches are not models of modern architectural skill and cleanliness, neither are the poorer homes and public buildings. Outside of the larger cities, unpaved streets are clouded with dust in the summer and mired with mud in the winter. Rural houses are of ramshackle bamboo or unfinished adobe, and even in the cities homes are not always well preserved. Most Latin Americans do not have the fetish of cleanliness or the high standard of living to which most modern North Americans are accustomed.

What these same churches and monasteries lack in modernity, they more than make up for in rich historical background. They are living memorials to the tireless zeal and energy of hardy and persevering missionaries in a strange land. The people like their churches as they are, and the churches belong to the people. As someone has pointed out, Catholicism brought about a revolution in the manner of building places of devotion; Catholics began to

build big and roomy churches because Christianity, in contrast to paganism, is a religion of and for the people. South American Catholics have caught that spirit; they feel at home in their churches—they are like children in their Father's House.

If the ceremonies are long and seldom begin on time, that situation is but the reflection of what goes on in the business and social world. *Mañana* is no empty phrase in Latin America, as the foreign businessman can verify. If the Church can be accused of poor administration and lack of social consciousness, know that the governments are no more efficient. While some official concern has been evidenced for the Indian and the poor, nothing of a practical nature has yet borne green visible fruit.

With the exception of Argentina and perhaps Chile, the Indian has always been, and is still, one of the greatest problems for the governments and the Church in Latin America. Indians form the majority of the population in some of the countries, even today. The governments have worried little about educating the Indians and now find them a drag in the countries' efforts to advance economically and take their places in an industrialized society. Early missionaries were unable to instruct thoroughly the great number of Indians they baptized; and a scarcity of clergy ever since has made it impossible for the Church to absorb the Indians and help them as it would like.

The lack of an adequate number of priests is still a plague to the Church in Latin America. We of the United States have been blessed by an abundance of vocations. Recently, a South American priest saw a United States *Catholic Directory* for the first time. He



A native musician can while away lots of time with his flute-like bassoon

thumbed through it in astonishment and finally commented, "What couldn't we do here, if we had vocations as numerous as those!"

The paucity of vocations has many causes. Most important, perhaps, is the fact that South America as a whole lacks a middle class, from which, most authorities agree, the greatest number of vocations can be expected. The priests of South America do not come into contact with the young as much as our priests do, and their influence is not so great. Add to these facts the poor family background, the relative indifference of the Latin male to all things ecclesiasti-

cal, the anticlerical attitude of some of the high government officials, the low social status and the poor living conditions of the priests—and we have some of the reasons for the lack of vocations.

This same scarcity of clerical vocations is the chief reason for the nonreception of the sacraments by so many of the people of Latin America. In most places, they have had little instruction in their religion, and little sacerdotal urging. This is particularly true as regards marriage.

One priest of my acquaintance, taking up his post in a parish that had been long without a priest, offered to pay for the civil marriage ceremony, conduct the ecclesiastical marriage in the home, and take no stipend, if the people would get married by the Church. He had no takers. Today, after two years of instruction in that parish, that priest is beginning to get marriages. The same holds true in other places: when they have a priest and receive adequate instruction, the people do frequent the sacraments.

The Catholic Church in South America needs sympathetic help, both in personnel and in finances, from its Catholic neighbors of North America. Some religious congregations and societies have already seen this need and have gone south, but their numbers are few. Thousands more are needed—priests, brothers, and sisters—to teach in seminaries, take over parishes, and conduct schools and hospitals. It is to be hoped that the Catholic postwar tourists, on their return to North America, will bring this great need more forcibly to the attention of Catholics at home.

Definition

► A Negro met an acquaintance of his, also colored, on the street and was surprised to see that his friend had on a new suit, new hat, new shoes, and other evidences of prosperity.

"Hey, boy," he said, "how come you dressed up this way? Is you got a job?"

"I'se got somethin' better'n any job," replied the other. "I'se got a profession."

"What is it?"

"I'se a orator."

"What's a orator?" the shabby friend asked.

"Don't you know?" replied the resplendent one in surprise. "Well, I'll tell you. If you was to walk up to an ordinary guy and ask him how much was two and two, he'd say 'four,' but if you was to ask one of us orators how much was two and two, he'd say, 'When in de cou'se of human events it becomes necessary to take de numeral of de second denomination and add it to de figger two, I says unto you and I says it without fear of successful contradiction, dat de result will invar'bly be four.' Dat's a orator."



—Theresa Schilling

South Pole Padre

By Lt. Com. WILLIAM J. MENSTER, USNR

FIFTEEN HUNDRED MILES south of Cape of Good Hope, on the wind-swept fringe of South America, lies the last unexplored end of the world—the frozen continent, Antarctica. For less than a hundred years we have known of its existence, of the cold that holds its two million square miles eternally ice-bound. But the whole world looks south today trying to fathom the secret of the new land, vainly trying to plot the unknown mineral deposits that would replenish closely husbanded resources of the known world. Somewhere beneath the ice shelf may lie oil wells richer than the oil fields of Texas, coal may be found in deposits that will dwarf the richness of the Allegheny coal fields. And perhaps there lies hidden a vast deposit of the new and terrifying element, uranium. All the world talks of atomic energy, the maker and destroyer, and looks to Antarctica as the place where its greatest source may be found.

Into this land of cold and death came the Fourth Expedition of Admiral Richard Byrd. And aboard the flagship of the expedition, the "Mount Olympus," was a priest, the first to carry the Giver of Life into the Antarctic Circle. To him was given the privilege of blessing the last continent of earth. This is the story of that blessing. . . .

ON BOARD THE
U.S.S. "MOUNT OLYMPUS"

Thursday, December 19, 1946.

WE HAVE been sailing steadily south for two weeks. Behind us lies our last contact with civilization, Panama City. All the long weeks of preparation have passed into memory, and now we are moving into that part of the world for which all that has gone before has been but a prelude.

We sailed out of New York on a quiet November morning on the U.S.S.

*Father Menster in his parka,
a none too warm dress in
the cold of Little America*



"Mount Olympus," flagship of Admiral Richard Byrd's fourth Antarctic Expedition, the biggest expedition to date, the one on which the eyes of all the world rest. We moved out quietly, but there was a noticeable flurry of interest in the press, with mention of uranium deposits as the goal of the expedition, for uranium is the new god of the world.

The assignment as Chaplain of the flagship came to me as unexpectedly as did the assignment of every other puzzled man aboard the "Mount Olympus." I had completed four years as Chaplain in the Navy, had spent twenty months as Chaplain of a bomber field in the South Pacific, and a trip to Antarctica was not even something I dreamed of in the month following my return to the States. But a harmless-looking telegram shocked me out of the quiet life I was passing at Miami, my last assignment, and within a week I was in the middle of the most amazing experience of my life. I wasn't given much time to think about that, however, as we were due to sail in three weeks, and there was too much to be done in that short time.

Aboard the flagship I found the orderly confusion that always precedes a trip out to sea. But on this trip there was a lot of equipment none of us had ever seen on any of our trips out before. There were heavy crates of warm clothing, thousands of tons of coal, food; these we had seen. But aboard came also

twenty-seven dogs, powerful huskies, who became strange but welcome friends in the months ahead. Aboard also came another stranger, a Navy helicopter, that sat up grotesquely over the deck, and was to become our eyes in the very near future. Newspaper, magazine, and radio correspondents filed aboard, and Army and Marine Corps observers moved in.

My duties as chaplain were more than those of spiritual adviser for the men, more than the priestly duties of parish life. We were moving our own little world into a world of emptiness. We would have to make our own amusements in the lonely weeks ahead, and it would be my job to see that every possible piece of equipment for recreational purposes was available for the men in the many hours of boredom we would be forced to endure. So every moment of my time was spent gathering this material to keep the men occupied, while all of us threw out the tenuous cords of friendship that were to be knotted firmly in the next three months. As Chaplain-I was in the best possible position to get to know the men, and they were not slow in coming to me for friendship and the spiritual help God had entrusted to me.

The trucks came alongside, the cranes swung in wide, creaking arcs, the hatches yawned and swallowed, and the men came up the gangplank with big packs over their shoulders and bigger expressions of wonderment on their faces. The

The story of how the last continent on earth was blessed and consecrated to the King of Peace, told by the priest whose privilege it was to do it

crew filled out, and aboard came the last of the press and the photographers. We looked at one another in the mess hall at night, knowing that only a few of us could answer the thousands of questions our minds were asking every minute. For only a few had ever sailed below Cape of Good Hope into the White Continent.

Then we were at sea. Imperceptibly we moved out, swung south along the Atlantic coastline, passed in the night my old station at Miami, skirted Key West, and were in the Gulf of Mexico. November was behind us, and so were the cold winds sweeping in across New York from the North Atlantic. Now we were riding in the warmth of tropical sunshine. Shirts were off on deck, and tan leaped into the faces of the men under the sudden, burning sun. But below decks the sweating men were checking and rechecking clothing that was to save us in weather fifty degrees below freezing.

Panama was a brief interlude in our trip. We stopped there for a few days and went ashore to stretch our legs and get the rolling of the ship out of our systems. On a quiet hillside in Panama I found a group of American priests in their beautiful mission church, said my last Mass on land for many weeks to come, then checked back on the ship. We said our last good-by's to the friends we had made in those few days, hoisted anchor, and moved now into the burning warmth of the tropical Pacific.

Out of Panama two days, we crossed the equator, and the ceremony of initiating most of the crew into the Ancient Order of the Deep made a welcome diversion in the daily routine. The ship became a fantastic masquerade party, with King Neptune, Queen Amphitrite, the Royal Baby, Davy Jones, and the rest of the royal party initiating the "pollywogs" into the revered order. My time in the South Pacific during the war saved me from the initiation this time, but it took quite a bit of talking to convince the crew, when I could not produce my diploma to testify to my initiation. I received a new diploma on this trip, and I shall not lose this one. Then the equator dropped behind, the hot blasting wind became a cool breeze at night, the sun rose earlier, set later, and we knew we were moving into a world where we would find no night.

Now today it has become cold. The

sun that set last night on a mild, temperate day came up this morning bright and cheery, but during the night a new wind came up, a steady cold wind that takes the breath away, and the bright sun is not as warm as it has been. Along the deck the men hurry about their work in jackets stored below since New York. You can see their breath frosting as they pant over their endless chores, and above them in the morning light is a new furring of frost on the ropes and a shimmering casing of glittering white on the mast. When I came on deck this morning, the men shouted greetings to me, and one of them called out, "This looks like the real thing, Padre." We are crossing into the Antarctic Circle. This is it.

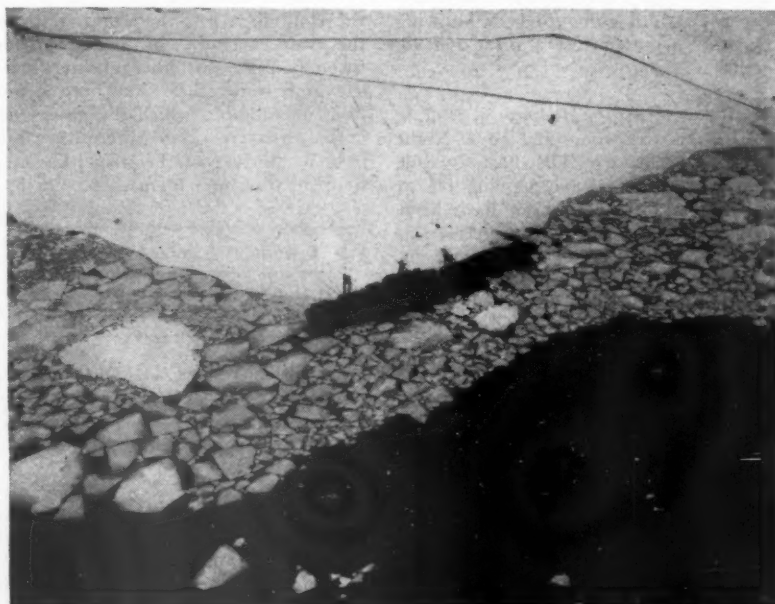
Sunday, December 22.

Today is Sunday, a day of rest everywhere else in the world but aboard ship. Because I am the only Chaplain on the ship, I hold a General Service for the non-Catholics aboard, as well as Mass for the Catholic men. The non-Catholics come to our improvised chapel quietly and reverently, kneel for the prayers, and sing their hymns in rich, strong voices. Other men fall away from their consciousness of God's love and the love they owe Him, but these men have been set apart in a world of cold loneliness,

where God is very close to them and they are very close to God. Nearly all of them come to either of my two services, the General Service or the Mass, and I have a choir preparing for the Feast of Christmas. There will be no presents or Christmas cards this year. We have left mail service behind us, and our radio is our only contact with the outside world. Nobody is anxious to get a message by radio, for only emergency messages can be relayed to us.

After Mass this morning I went up on deck—and it was cold. The sun was there, bright glaring, but with no suggestion of warmth. There is a freezing wind sweeping the ship always, and it has become one of our greatest problems to keep the decks ice-free. There is no question now as to whether "this is it" for we have been plagued by icebergs and drifting ice for the past week. With the cold has come the need of some place below decks for the men to pass their leisure hours, so we have had prepared a "hobby lobby" in the bow of the ship, a room set aside for the men to work at their favorite crafts during their free time, and they seem to thrive there. They sit quietly, making everything conceivable from a whaling ship to a covered wagon, with all the equipment I was fortunate enough to procure in New York and Panama at their disposal.

Before we left the States I was able to get a goodly stock of movies and phonograph records. They play the records below deck, everything from Beethoven to Bing. We have the movies on deck, and it is an almost unbelievable sight



The USS "Mount Olympus" tied up to the Ross Ice Shelf. A new tent city was built near Byrd's first Little America. The trails to it are in the background

Official photo, U. S. Navy

A Friend in Need . . .

► When Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynn Fontanne, were transferring their stage success, *The Guardsman*, to the screen, Lynn went to see some of the rushes of the early scenes. She was horrified.

Arriving home, she burst in upon her husband and wildly exclaimed, "Alfred, it was terrible, unbelievable! I can't go on with it."

"How was I?" Lunt interrupted.

"Oh, charming, dear," replied Lynn. "You were perfectly wonderful. But you'll have to fix your makeup. You didn't have any lips."

"But Alfred," she went on, "I'm simply terrible. My voice sounds unearthly, my eyes look like burnt holes in a blanket, my face is expressionless. And I don't seem to know what to do with my hands and feet. What am I going to do?"

There was a tense silence.

"Alfred," moaned Lynn, "I can't finish the picture, I tell you. What will I do?"

Alfred looked at her. "No lips, eh?" he murmured.

—Adrian Anderson



to see the men wrapped up in their furs watching the movies in the semidarkness that is now the only thing that resembles night. And the guitar and accordion I brought along have become lifesavers. Everyone likes to sing, so after the movies I am able to get out either guitar or accordion and lead the men in singing, to unite their voices in every popular song since the turn of the century—the same voices I hear at services singing hymns. I found out a long time ago what these song fests can mean to lonely men; my repertoire is now close to boundless. It gives us all a new feeling of warmth going to bed, knowing that we've gotten just a bit closer together in song.

Friday, January 3, 1947.

Christmas has come and gone. Night is now a memory. The fleet is split into three groups, two moving off to our left and right, and we have been moving steadily toward Little America. But right now we aren't going anywhere. We have been icebound since New Year's. The icebreaker "Northwind" has been running in circles trying to keep the "Mt. Olympus," the "Merrick," the "Yancey," and the submarine "Sennett" out of trouble. The ice floes, carrying the ships with them, are being blown by winds, and the great icebergs are moving in unpredictable currents. We are hopeless against the combination, and the boredom is becoming a real problem.

Our becoming icebound has meant only a small amount of damage to the ship, but that bit of damage was sustained in the one place we could least afford to lose. The ice moved in and crushed the bow of the ship, destroying

the refuge place that could mean so much to us right now when we have nothing but leisure: our hobby room. Everyone is restless, and we watch for the helicopter out now looking for open water ahead. We are all anxious to move into the Ross Sea, into that little inlet of the Ross Sea known as the Bay of Whales, and to our camp at Little America.

Into my mind in these hours of waiting has come a new thought, one that is slightly terrifying. This is not only an expedition into the Antarctic; this is to be a landmark in the history of the Church. Across the world is spread the vast network of her churches; throughout the world her ministers bring the gospel of peace. But here before us is a land into which the gospel has never penetrated, onto whose icy whiteness no minister of the gospel has ever stepped, to which I am to be the first

► A woman is judged by the company she keeps—just after she has left it.

—THE CROSS

official messenger of Christ. To my hands has been entrusted by God and my country the privilege of blessing this last of the continents, of dedicating it to Him today when the world is almost lost in unrest and war. To me is given the power to call upon God to bring His Peace and Love to this world lost from the human race for so many thousands of years. I have looked through all the prayer books I brought with me. There are prayers for peace, prayers in time of war, prayers for a new automobile, a new home, prayers

for a mother after childbirth, and for the newborn baby, but no prayers for the blessing of a new continent. A hundred and fifty years ago Australia was blessed. Five hundred years ago a Spanish or Portuguese padre looked in wonderment on a New World in the West and knelt and blessed our own homeland for the first time. Now it is my work to bless and consecrate the last continent of the earth. I shall compose a new prayer for the blessing, praying that God will guide me in its composition.

LITTLE AMERICA,

Monday, January 13, 1947.

We have broken through. The scout plane, our eyes in this uncharted world, spotted a break, and the cutter "Northwind" went to work. The ice, fifteen feet thick in places, fell off to port and lee, shifted, drifted in the strong current, and we moved through. Ahead was open water, the Ross Sea and the Bay of Whales. We have been told by the old explorers aboard ship that this is one of the worst years in their memory for drifting ice, with icebergs ten miles square moving past us. They are beautiful—white, steel blue, and then crimson—majestic, awesome. But beneath the water extends a knife like steel that could cut the bottom of our ship off in one sweep. When they get too close the cutter goes to work on them. Occasionally, they split with a crack like a whip, then a roar that deafens you as thousands of tons of ice crash into the cold blue sea. You do not come on deck without sunglasses—in the glare of that beautiful ice lurks years of sunblindness for the unwary. The men have become quiet with their faces hidden in parkas, and when you meet them below deck you see a new growth of beard taking shape on their faces.

But we have broken through, and they are more cheerful. The Bay of Whales lies around us. Ahead of us, the "Northwind" moves cautiously toward the great ice shelf that marks the beginning of the White Continent—though where the land begins it is not possible to tell—and just a few miles ahead is the plateau of ice that will be home for us for a short time, Little America.

The faces of the men in church have a new light. Boredom has passed away for the present, and we all look eagerly to the time when we can get out on the ice and stretch again. We will be able to run again on something solid. I have delved deep into my treasures, and I've lined up the footballs we can throw around on this fantastic field of ice. I won't feel quite so sorry for the teams when next I see a game played on what is called a frozen field. In a little while we are going to have hundreds of feet of ice below us.

Saturday, January 18.

We tied up today. Nobody slept very much in the last twenty-four hours. As a matter of fact, it has been nearly impossible to sleep for the past week, with no night to bring sheltering darkness with it. The men have complained of this inability to sleep even far below decks. It may be dark there, but there is a psychological barrier to sleep in the realization that in this time of supposed night the sun is bright along the decks.

But last night we all watched the careful mooring procedure. A party of men went ashore for the work known as "burying the dead men." Holes are dug into the ice, and into the holes are lowered logs about six feet in length, which are then frozen into the ice graves. To these logs the mooring lines are fastened, settling the ship along the edge of the ice.

I have been preparing for the blessing of the Antarctic. I have finished composing the prayer for this occasion, and now I feel much lonelier than I have ever felt before. I wish there was some other priest to whom I could talk, someone with whom I could discuss the things that have been crowded into the unbelievable past three months. I am supposed to be a pillar of strength to the men, the one to whom they can come in time of trouble to get comfort or wise advice. God has helped me in my work in countless ways. The little barrier that stood between the non-Catholics and myself for that first General Service has disappeared, and they are now as close to me as I am to them. I have felt the presence of God often on this trip, when I prayed with them, or gave them the little talks at services. But today I wish I had a chaplain to whom I could go with a few troubles of my own. Far out behind us are the two other units of the fleet, each with its own chaplain, but they are not coming in here.

Sunday, January 26.

It is morning—whatever morning means in this land of endless day. For a week now they have been unloading the stores at our new base at Little America. Out on the Ross Ice Shelf a new tent city has sprung up, some distance from the original base at Admiral Byrd's first Little America. The Admiral and his son visited the base they had left behind on their previous trip and sat and enjoyed eggs fourteen years old. Everything they left was in perfect condition; rust is nonexistent here where there is practically no moisture in the air.

The work progressed rapidly throughout the week, till today we have a comfortable base to work from. And we are going to take the time out today for the blessing of the continent, the first service

ever held here. We tried to mimeograph souvenir programs of the service, but the job was very poor, so last night the printing press went to work, and this morning we have very beautiful printed souvenirs of the service we will hold this afternoon. We had hoped to hold the services out-of-doors, but a bitter wind is blowing across the ice and it will be impossible to do that. Instead, a large tent has been set aside, and the Church Flag has been raised, the first cross to fly over the Antarctic.

I brought a new Roman Missal for the first Mass on the new continent, a Missal that I shall give to my alma mater, Lores College, at Dubuque, Iowa, when I return. First we shall have the General Service for all the men, then the Catholic men will come to Mass. Four ships of the central fleet have docked along the ice, and most of the men from the ships will be there. There will be about two hundred at the services.

Evening, Sunday, January 26.

It is evening now, and I am back aboard ship. My cabin is half-dark because the portholes are closed, but outside the sun is bright and the men are working again. The blessing of the continent is over now, and it seems as though the sun is more cheerful over the ice.

The men poured into the chapel from all the ships, took their places quietly, and looked over the printed souvenirs they were given as they came in. Very shortly the chapel was filled, and the men rose as I came out onto the altar. The organ broke into the opening notes, and the many masculine voices united

strongly in the Navy Hymn, "Eternal Father, Strong to Save." They became quiet then, while I read the Blessing and Dedication of the Continent of Antarctica.

O Almighty and Eternal God, Maker of heaven and earth, and all things, from Thy heavenly throne behold us, Thy humble servants here assembled, to offer Thee for the first time from this great continent, public adoration, praise, and thanks. We are inspired by its vastness and whiteness to thoughts of our insignificance and unworthiness and of Thy Greatness. Whilst scientists estimate how many thousands or millions of years ago Thou didst create this land, and whilst historians compute how few of Thy creatures have set foot hereon, we humbly thank Thee for the privilege that is ours today, of blessing and consecrating it to Thy service.

O Merciful God, by whose word all things are sanctified, pour forth Thy blessing upon this continent: and grant that whatsoever peoples and nations of the world shall use it according to Thy will and law, may receive from Thee health of body and peace of soul. Endow with the spirit of wisdom those to whom, in Thy Name, is entrusted this land and whatsoever, through Thy Goodness, it may produce; that there may be justice and peace among the nations and continents of the earth. Through Christ our Lord, Amen.

They answered the Amen and sat for the short sermon, and I was able to use as my text the passage of St. Paul that had now come to its fulfillment: "First, I give thanks to my God through Jesus Christ for you all because your faith is spoken of in the whole world." I spoke of the greatness of faith and the greatness of the completion of the prophecy of the great apostle. They listened attentively, and it was possible almost to feel the tangible presence of God in that lonely outpost of the world. They rose again, and with great pride and love united in singing "God Bless America." And we knew He would. Then we had Mass, with the same hymns and prayers, and we went back to the ship. The sun was bright over the masts, and it looked new and warmer over the ship. The wind was still blowing across the ice, so we did not linger long on deck.

The voices of the men echo through the ship, calling to one another as they get ready for the work that always has to be done. They are happy, the good people of the earth, and I know that God is smiling upon us with infinitely more warmth than the sun, and there is no cold wind in His Heart.



Official photo, U. S. Navy

A caterpillar was used to carry the men to work at Little America

Which Way America?

By JOHN F. CRONIN, S.S.

Are we headed for a boom or a bust? The answer to that question is important to America and the whole world

DURING the Spring of 1947 there were two important predictions made as to the future of America. Joseph Stalin made one. The other was made by an able research foundation, the Twentieth Century Fund.

Stalin predicted that the American capitalist economy would break down within a few years. He expects a catastrophic depression by 1951 which would force us to withdraw from our world commitments. Soviet expansionist policies could then work unchecked. In the meantime, Soviet diplomacy moves at a leisurely pace. Time is supposed to be on the side of communism.

On the other side of the picture, the Twentieth Century Fund experts foresee a constantly increasing standard of living for the United States. American business can look forward to a consumer market in 1950 which will be half again as large as that in 1929. This will rise slowly during the 1950's, gaining another 10 per cent by 1960.

Such an increase in standards of living would not bring Utopia. Even the 1960 level would leave about one-third of the population slightly below minimum standards of living. They would lack reasonable levels in the fields of food, housing, medical care, education, and social security. Nevertheless, compared with the rest of the world, American standards would be incomparably high.

Which of these predictions is right? World peace hinges upon the outcome of the calculations. In parts of the world more remote from Russia, nations are anxiously comparing the results achieved by capitalism with those obtained by socialism and communism. Countries near the Iron Curtain are more concerned with the permanence of American aid and support. In either case, much depends upon the stability and growth of our economy.

Unfortunately, there is more than a chance that Stalin will be right. American experts worked on the assumption

that the present rate of economic growth would be sustained. They calculated upon past averages and trends. All this is excellent, provided that a depression does not intervene to upset these trends. This is the really critical question, and it was hardly raised, much less answered, by the Twentieth Century Fund experts.

If the problem of the future were merely the relative productive levels of capitalism and socialism, with both functioning at their best levels, it does not seem likely that capitalism would lose the argument. A few confirmed addicts of planning for its own sake would hold that centralized control is more efficient than private enterprise. But the total record does not seem to bear this out. The real case for socialism is the failure of capitalism to sustain its best levels of output. Unemployment and insecurity, rather than inefficiency, furnish the real indictments against the present order.

It would be unfair to say that America has done nothing to prevent a future depression. Present laws and institutions offer real hope that many evils of the past will not recur. To mention but a few, our banking and security laws should prevent a disastrous stock market inflation such as the one which started the 1929 debacle. Bank deposits are insured and bank loans are more closely regulated.

We now have a National Employment

Act and a full-time board of Economic Advisors to the President. It can hardly be said that we will blunder into a depression through lack of advice or foresight. At the same time, however, realism compels us to note the limitations of our present defenses.

While some of the causes of depressions have been cured, others remain. And these are the most difficult and dangerous. An important example would be our price structure. When prices get out of line in an important field, serious results may ensue. The immediate effect is the curtailment of activity in this particular field. But when it is an important field, reduced activity may snowball into a general recession.

There is no deep mystery about depressions. Only those who want a simple, all-inclusive solution find the problem insoluble. It is complex, but not baffling. The seeds of depression are always present. They grow only when conditions are ripe. Then curtailment in one field leads to unemployment. Reduced spending and lowered confidence causes the slack to spread. Once started, it becomes cumulative and soon a depression is on hand.

Not all setbacks spread in this way. In some cases, there is reserve demand in other fields to take up the slack. It is probable that such will be the case in the recession predicted for this year.



Hard thinking and careful planning are needed to save our free economic system.

H. Armstrong Roberts photo

THE † SIGN

Prices are out of line in important fields. The cost of construction is almost impossible. Food prices are high. In some industrial fields, the motto is "charge what the market will bear." Clearly trouble is brewing.

The saving feature this time is the huge backlog of needs left unfilled during war years. Much of our industrial plant must be replaced. Our roads are in poor condition. Consumers want automobiles, radios, furniture, refrigerators, and scores of similar items. What is more, most of these prospective purchasers will have the funds to buy when prices become reasonable. High prices have cut into the savings of many, but others still can buy. And industrial and government buyers have unprecedented reserves at their disposal.

The chances are that we shall shortly go through a readjustment without a depression. The Democrats should not lose the 1948 election on this issue. Nor should Mr. Stalin derive any comfort from an imminent breakdown of the capitalist system. But the long-range view is not quite so comforting. There are two situations which may cause a serious depression during the 1950's.

Even if prices get in line, we face a long-term hazard from the tendency which might be called "bunching." By this, we mean the tendency of everybody in good times to buy at once. This is troublesome when the articles purchased have a fairly long life. Thus, if during the next three years, nearly every family gets a new automobile, radio, refrigerator, furniture and like durable goods, trouble will ensue.

Many families would go into debt to do this. They would be so loaded with installment purchases that for several years they could buy only strict necessities. If industry expanded capacity to meet the immediate boom, it would have surplus equipment when demand tapered off. It would also be compelled to lay off workers.

The same bunching occurs in other fields. Thus, the predicted travel boom should lead to the erection of thousands of hotels, gasoline stations, and restaurants in favored spots. Since the decision of each owner is made independently, it is likely that hundreds will overshoot the mark and overestimate demand.

These distortions are inherent in boom psychology. The consequent bust is not due so much to lack of purchasing power, as to overestimate of possible markets. If we increased purchasing power under such conditions, as some labor leaders advise as a panacea, we would only increase distortions and the consequent break. If you will, this is a weakness of an unplanned economy and an argument for socialism.

It is not easy to remedy this condition under a free enterprise system. Better

Outside City Limits

► A New Yorker went to the mountains for the first time. He left the hotel one morning to view the countryside. In a few minutes he returned, his clothes torn, his face and arms scratched and bleeding.

"What happened to you?" the hotel clerk inquired.

"A little black snake chased me!" the man cried breathlessly.

"But that little snake isn't poisonous!"

"Listen," the visitor replied, "if he can make you jump off a 60-foot cliff he doesn't have to be!"

Irving Hoffman (King Features)



► A New York columnist is responsible for the story concerning Mr. Mefoofsky and his four-year-old son who were strolling through the park one Sunday afternoon. The boy kept hounding his father with questions, and it was beginning to get on Mr. Mefoofsky's nerves.

"Poppa," persisted the little boy, "wot kind of flowers is doze over there?"

Mefoofsky's patience finally ended.

"How should I know?" he exploded. "Am I in the millinery bizniz?"

private and public prediction services can help considerably. Possibly bank examiners can be critical of loans made under the influence of boom psychology. The remedy for bunching of individual purchases would be harder to apply. We had it during the War: restriction of the total amount and length of repayment in installment sales. It will take much public education, and possibly another depression, to teach us to accept such restrictions in peacetime.

Economists have no brief against a boom as such. The more prosperity, the better. The real problem is the bunching of orders for durable goods and consequent overoptimistic industrial expansion. Here is a case where slow, even growth is far better than frenzied spurts followed by serious relapses.

A second major problem concerns savings. One school of thought blames all depressions on excessive savings. The argument is that these funds cannot be invested and that consumers then lack money to buy what industry produces. Unfortunately, partisanship has obscured the real merit in this argument. Certain liberals have so concentrated upon the purchasing power argument they have overlooked the need for savings and investment. In reaction, some conservative writers overstressed the need for savings, forgetting that money saved is not automatically restored to circulation by investment.

With our present tax structure, it does not seem likely that there will be over-saving by individuals in the near future. Funds for investment are more likely to be concentrated with corporations and life insurance companies. The immediate problem here is that such concentration aids big business and starves small enterprise. A small store or factory will find it most difficult to obtain local financing. Yet, much of the expansion predicted by the Twentieth Century Fund study would be in the field of small business.

While the concentration of savings may lessen the tendency toward bunching of investment, it will also ensure the rapid spread of any recession. Decisions by a few persons closely connected in the financial community could close down investment almost overnight.

No easy solution for these problems is in sight. It seems evident that capitalism will not survive automatically. Much hard thinking and careful planning will be needed to meet future crises. Good will, intelligence, statesmanship, and co-operation are essential. The remarkable planning which we have achieved at the level of plant and industry must be carried over into the broader fields of business, labor, and farm policy. Nothing less will insure the survival of free enterprise. We face a challenge from within, as well as from Soviet imperialism.



Breakdown

by Ted Le Berthon

Illustrated by HENRY S. HARTMAN

IRVING CLARKE and I are walking the streets of Hollywood for hours and hours so he can talk and talk and talk, and he really is in a bad way, and I'm wondering what Irv *can* do next, outside, of course, of going crazy or killing himself. I'll never forget this night.

Up to this night I hadn't seen Irv for two or three years, and he'd never meant a thing to me back in those days. I'd merely happened into his modernistic extravaganza of a home a half dozen or so times in those years. True, back then he had called me George instead of Mr. Brady from the first time we were introduced, but well, you know Hollywood.

Actually, I'd never been more than a friend of a friend of his, the fellow—whose name doesn't matter—who had taken me up to Irv's show place those few times when Irv was personal manager of Reginald Austin, the English actor then making plenty of jack in American films. At that time, Irv certainly was doing well for himself. All the Hollywood manifestations. Wasn't pacing any streets then.

No, he wasn't pacing any streets. He was living in a glassy, geometric palace sequestered in tawny foothills scented pungently with laurel and mountain brush and eucalypti. His mauve and white swimming pool lit by hard, bright arcs at night seemed some mathematician's dream. The whole place was landscaped in a deadly sort of precision, as if gouged out of the hills unnaturally, yet a door in a rear retaining wall opened onto a path that became a dusty trail curling into green and sun-glittering wildness. There were a few cooling trees guarding and shading Irv's theorem of a house, but white concrete can be eye-aching when the sun glares. A couple of afternoons when I was up there—Sundays, if I remember aright—the sky actually was quivering with heat waves. On one of those afternoons, I saw a hawk floating in the high air, like an observer from another world, and wondered what the hawk thought—if hawks can think—of Irv's manse, which had the cold, weird sophistication of a radio sta-

*It's not until he walks
into the light that I notice
his hideously intense face*

Is there any hope of future happiness for a man who has betrayed the love of his wife and the faith of his dearest friend?

tion that had gone up into the hills and gotten lost.

When I was a visitor at Irv's, I never noticed anything about him that gave me any premonition that he'd ever wind up pacing the streets like a popeyed scarecrow. Yet Irv even then must have been trapped in his overwhelming weakness and in the curious trend it had taken. But how could I have guessed it at that time? How could I have known of his gambling or the fruits of his gambling, when I never saw so much as a chip, card, or any paraphernalia in those concrete, glass, and chromium rooms? I'd been in the palaces of other Hollywood movie colony personalities where roulette, faro, and poker had flourished vigorously, and where the stakes were—from my poor vantage point—agonizingly high and alien to my Irish peasant soul. But Irv's circle was more arty, moody, bookish, intellectually political, with Russia outranking sex as a main, recurrent topic.

There is something merciful about the night, and I enjoyed the nights at Irv's best. I liked the dusty, aromatic chill that came up, the stirring of birds in the brush, an owl's dreary query, and the occasional very perturbing proclamation of a coyote. These things somehow softened the harsh modernity of the chatter of movie notables and technicians, like a background of music. Sometimes a fat gold lamp of a moon would come up behind a hilltop and monopolize a dark ribbon of window that wound rigidly about the house, and remind me that these brittle conversations too would pass. I would even derive a silent glee when heavy moths would flutter into the argument-plagued drawing room and cling to some film actress's shoulder, or the white walls, like ornaments. The moths, despite an artificial cooling system, got in whenever doors opened, and became distractions, interrupters of economic theories by fabulous friends of the masses.

However, there was a glow of solidarity about these people, and great fervent sincerity, whether they were polished and suave, or graciously suggestive in a quiet way, or contentiously shrill. If they spoke an alien message for my ears, this was not their fault. Irv, his wife and

their daughter, a child of perhaps fourteen, never seemed to have opinions, but to be charming listening posts.

I can't ever remember tall, inky-eyed, good-looking, black-haired Irv taking a stand on anything. He seemed to hang back in the shadows, as if it scarcely were his home, but a public club. I can't remember Helen, his wife, having any marked views, either, yet she mysteriously dominated the scene, as if she were a blazing household goddess. Now, in retrospect, I know she did not know of Irv's secret gambling or obviously of its tragic ramifications. Her confident, pervasive radiance—those shiny violet eyes, finespun, snug gold hair, neat head, rapturously long limbs—hid, like a gay song, any atmosphere of impending disaster that Irv might otherwise inadvertently have revealed. The child was a young copy of her. The Clarkes, all three, had British accents. Irv looked as if he might be of Jewish, Syrian, or Persian descent, but even now I know nothing of his ancestry. And back then, I was only one of hundreds of guests who had passed through the Clarke's streamlined mansion in the hills, in transit consuming their highballs, eating their rich food, and chatting about imperialism, strikes, or surrealism.

And now, with two or three years having slipped away as years will, Irv and I are pacing up one Hollywood street and down another. It's this way. Early in the evening he calls me up. Not having heard his voice in so long, and never having heard it before on a telephone, I don't recognize it. At last he makes his identity clear, and says he must see me as soon as possible.

"When's soon as possible?" I ask playfully.

"Could I come right up to your house?" comes his anything but playful demand.

"Irv," I admonish, "I'll be glad to meet you anywhere else but in my house, because we wouldn't have any privacy. The children have friends over. Get it?"

We pick a certain street corner. We'll meet in half an hour.

WHEN he gets off a streetcar, I'm astonished. Why no automobile? Why hadn't he caught a taxi? It's about half past nine, cold and clear, with stars exploding all over the sky through the trolley wires. I note the glowing end of a cigarette between Irv's fingers as he heads toward the curb. It's not until he walks into a wedge of light that I notice his hideously intense face, a revolting caricature of the face of the erstwhile quiet host to Hollywood's elite. It has a distorted and exclamatory character as he shakes my hand with fantastic earnestness, and his whole being is as frenziedly vibrant as a dog's when the animal, hair on end, sees "something."

As he stares at me, a taut and furtive smile trembles to his eyes and mouth. I stare back. His eyes and cheeks seem to become hot as if with shame, he clears his throat harshly, he blurts, "Let's start walking."

We start a walk that isn't to end until 4 A.M., when even most of Hollywood's residents are asleep, with Irv talking on and on in a tightly nervous key in between shaky puffs at a long succession of cigarettes.

He tells all, in an unstoppable catharsis. Had been gambling passionately—stock market, horses, cards, everything—several years. A disease of the will, he says, impossible to conquer, a welling up of long-repressed dreams of becoming fantastically wealthy and totally independent, even of Reginald Austin. Urges, almost maniacal, to gamble and pyramid money, to drown out preposterous fears of poverty, fears born of a youth of destitution, humiliation, meager satisfactions, a youth neither his very wife nor Reggie Austin nor anyone knew of, a youth of shabby cheating, petty thievery, cheap lusts, in Liverpool's slums. Why he had become so fearful in view of the Hollywood social and financial eminence he had reached against all odds and expectations—considering that earlier life—was an inexplicable paradox to him. Why had he so foolishly gambled, he of all persons? And why, after losing everything of his own, had he misappropriated Reginald Austin's funds, juggling accounts against the inevitable day of showdown? Why had as shrewd and realistic a fellow as himself let a gambling fever so ravage him?

He did not pretend to understand it wholly, except that at times he didn't seem to be himself, and "something had gotten into him," something affrighting, difficult to explain for fear of seeming insane. For Reggie had been so trusting, the greatest, warmest, kindest friend he or any man would ever have. And Reggie was so naïve, so uniquely chaste, a fellow so unlike most screen stars, domestic or imported. Reggie was so religious, so incredibly pious. Yes, Hollywood had never known the real Reggie Austin, and never would, the Reggie who secretly sent considerable money to a couple of English religious communities and slipped off to an early Mass every morning. What a fellow to have been slowly swindling! Irv's voice shakes from the horror of it.

And what an awful day it had been when handsome, jolly Reggie discovered that instead of having close to a quarter of a million dollars in cash, liquid securities, and salable property, he had nothing, thanks to clever Irv. The discovery had come about when Reggie, disappointed with a succession of shallow American screen vehicles, unexpectedly decided to go back to England, to stay

there and star there. Reggie, of course, had planned to take Irv and Helen and the little girl back with him. For hadn't they all come to America together? Irv's thieveries utterly nonplussed Reggie. He had so long and so carelessly allowed Irv to handle virtually all expenditures, bills, investments. And yet, to Irv's amazement, and a newer, subtler terror that crowded upon him, Reggie flatly refused to prosecute.

But he did fire Irv. Within a week Helen was in Nevada with the child and suing for divorce, and the movie trade papers were surmising all sorts of things. Next, Reggie sailed for England.

"He's gone! My wife's gone! And, George, Hollywood sniffs a rat, and that I'm the rat, and it'll be thumbs down in the film industry for me from this time on. Nobody 'ud ever hire me!" Irv raves spasmodically. "If I tried for a spot, where's my reference? Could Reggie give me one? Hardly. If I try another line of business, well, they'll want to know what I've *been* doing! You don't just start from scratch. A man has a past. And what was I doing for the past twelve years? I was Reggie Austin's personal manager! But some odd things happened, and Hollywood wondered, and my wife's divorcing me so fast I'm dizzy! And, George, I'm so nervous! So scared! I had everything a chap has to live for. Lovely wife and daughter. Fine job. Beautiful home. I've been a fantastic fool. What else did I want out of life, anyhow? Why did I let some crazy urges and dreams throw me? George, I had to see you to talk with you. Because I think I'm going nuts!"

We walk and walk. Four times in six hours we rest, sitting on cold curbstones on dark, tree-bordered streets that are fragrant and heavily quiet against the tumult of Irv's talk. He has so many unhappy things to say. His wife had admired Reggie so. Not only because she knew she and Irv owed their income, their pretentious house,

their social circle, even their credit, to him. Helen Clarke's admiration had taken on an intensity because Reggie, devout as he was, had never reproached her because she, a Catholic, had married Irv out of the Faith. Back in England.

"Long before my financial gyping was discovered," Irv is telling me excitedly, "it preyed on her mind. He need never have known it. But she had to gab it to him. About a year ago she told him. When she told me about talking to him, I said 'For God's sake, Helen, why did you tell him? What did you have to gain?' She said it was a religious compulsion. He'd always made her feel uneasy, unworthy, she said. She talked preposterously. I looked worried, so she grabbed me by my lapels, kissed me, and said not to worry, that she'd asked Reggie to pray for my conversion, or, failing that, that I'd at least marry her in the Church. I told her I'd feel like a fool doing that. It might even make Hollywood think we'd just been living together. I told her I knew she wouldn't want me to do something intellectually dishonest."

"Well, George, I'd no sooner got the words out than a dark pang came over me. For wasn't I, under cover, being dishonest? *My intellectual honesty!* I'm secretly robbing a guy blind because gambling has me nuts, at the very time he's praying for me! I got sick and dizzy. But I managed to put her off on the Church-marriage issue. When the showdown came—the terrible night I had to admit I was a thief—well, I might have known how her mind would work! She was furious! Her face red hot, she stood and denounced me and said God's retribution was catching up with both of us on account of the kind of marriage we had. When I tried to calm her, she drew away from me as if I was a leper, or some scummy wretch trying to paw her. I could just imagine her parents back in England gloating!

"You see, George, they'd fought hard

against our marrying. After we did marry, they said we really weren't married, but were living in sin. Gee, I forgot, George, you're a Catholic, aren't you? Well, you know the Catholic idea on all that. But Helen was wild about me and in love, and her folks had to eat crow and let us get married out of the Church. But do they have the laugh on me now! George, I phoned you tonight for fear I'd kill myself if I was alone another night! I've had a month of this now! Almost no sleep nights! Pace the room by night, the streets by day. Afraid my heart'll go out. Food doesn't digest. Fear I'm going crazy! You can't realize what I'm going through right now, George! I never knew life could do this!"

Irv is perspiring copiously and passing his hands over his hands and face in vague, shaky movements. I try to change the subject.

"YOU'RE going to be all right," I say unconvincingly. "These things take time. How'd you happen to decide to see me, of all the people you knew?"

"I don't know. I simply wanted to see you and only you. Guess subconsciously I knew you were a Catholic, and there's some fatal fascination for Catholics in me. Screwy, isn't it? But to whom could I go? I couldn't go to any of the movie crowd. You know *them*. I figured you might have some way out for me. I guess it's that I need someone to do my thinking for me right now, because my mind spins around from one mad idea to another, and I get so I want to break and run, and I wouldn't know where to run. What *can* I do, George?"

I think hard. Finally it comes.

"Why don't you write Reggie? Tell him you must have work. Put it in writing that you'll repay every confounded cent you bilked him out of. Point out that you need another connection in order to earn the money to pay him back. Appeal to him as a Christian. Tell him the merciful will obtain mercy. He knows all that. Tell him that to get another connection you must have a recommendation."

"It wouldn't work, George. He *couldn't* conscientiously recommend me after the way I fleeced him. Because suppose I'd rob the next chap? He said as much, George. See, when he found out, he had me come over to his house and quietly said, 'Irv, I've loved you as a friend. I couldn't send you to jail. I won't be broke, Irv. My British backers will cable me any money I need. So, dash it all, Irv, if I'm to live up to the things I've been taught, there's only one thing to do, it's all very simple. I'll have to fire you. But, gosh, Irv, I also have to forgive you. So I do.'

No Need for Worry

► Before an important dinner party the hostess called the new waitress aside.

"When you are in the dining room tonight," she whispered, "I want you to be careful that you don't spill anything."

The maid smiled knowingly.

"Don't worry, ma'am," she said, "I don't talk much."

James R. Redmond



"He forgave me. Oh God, oh God, that was the most terrible moment of all. I couldn't look at him. I kept my eyes down, and thought my head was bursting, and George, I wanted to weep, and never stop. Do you get it, George? Two hundred thousand dollars! That's what I'd stolen. And he forgave me. My head was ringing. I couldn't think. It seemed like a mad, impossible dream. He forgave me! Then he said 'Good night, Irv, I have some work to do, and don't worry, keep in touch with me.' Keep in touch with him! I stood up, and somehow he was pumping my hand, and the next thing I was outside in the dark, walking. And it was as if I'd been cast out of Paradise, or out of life itself! I felt apart from everybody and everything. And, yes, George, I know why. It was because he'd forgiven me, when I couldn't forgive myself!"

My wrist watch says it's ten minutes of four, and I'm becoming depressed. It was as if Irv were forging a chain uniting us, or as if I were taking on some of the oppressive weight of his sins. For a rare moment I thought I realized the full breadth of the Mystical Body of Christ, and all actual and potential solidarities seeded in every heart and making all hearts one. We walk along silently in the heavy bond of pain. Irv talks some more, after a time, this time somehow harshly.

"George, if Reggie had sent me to the penitentiary, it would have been better! I could be expiating this thing. My wife would feel sorry for me, women being that way; or let's say, good women. But I've lost my wife and daughter as the result of Reggie's forgiveness! I've lost everything! The house, of course. I'm living in a rooming house on a few dollars I borrowed! The end's close, George."

I'm baffled and frightened myself. I find myself saying *Hail Marys* over and over again for him, and for light, as we walk along. Finally, it comes to me to ask him to come to my house and get some sleep. As unenthusiastically as a dead man, he accepts with a nod, a heartless nod.

And here I am at the strangest part of this whole story. When we walk in the front door of my home and I press on a light, the first thing I see is an 8 x 10 piece of white writing paper in the middle of the floor, a book holding it down toward one edge. The writing on it is in my fourteen-year-old son's hand:

"Dad, a Mrs. Jones called and left a number, Hillside 3449, and said no matter how late it was, your friend Mr. Clarke should call her, or, if he wasn't with you, you should call her. She was very excited."

I hand the note over to Irv, whose



Her pervasive, confident radiance hid any atmosphere of impending disaster

hand trembles so much that he drops it. But he picks it up swiftly and says, "Where's that phone?" He sounds as if he might want to break the phone to bits. I take him into the library, and he starts dialing.

"I'll wait for you in the living room," I say.

I FEEL done in by all the emotions. But even so, I have to wait a full half hour for him. Finally, he ends his long conversation and walks in.

"George," he gulps, smiling and weeping. "Mrs. Jones is my landlady. She's been sitting up all night. See, my wife's there. She put my wife on the phone and Helen cried and said she almost lost her mind up in Reno. Seems she'd no sooner gotten the divorce action started than she received a letter from Reggie. He wrote that if ever a man needed a woman to stand by him, I did. The letter was all the way from London. He said he'd been worrying about me, and had gone to some monk for advice. Helen was pretty tearful and all that over the phone, but it seems the monk thought I'd learned an awful lesson and that Reggie could prove his forgiveness by taking me back. He wrote that my wife and daughter and I should leave for England."

"Well, Helen said she almost went crazy. She'd been miserable in Reno anyhow, waiting for the six weeks to make the divorce final. She and Teresa, our daughter, were stopping in some

hotel, and one night my wife had dinner with some other people in Reno for divorces, and their whole filthy conversation caused her to get up from the table. Oh, she talked a lot, George. She said there was something diabolical about Reno. Said she felt like a loathsome heel when she got Reggie's letter. She dropped the divorce action. She's back, George, she's back!"

I'm as limp as a rag. I'm as mentally dizzy as Irv had seemed before this totally unexpected development.

"Gee, Irv," I gasp. I can't utter another syllable.

"George, she found out where I was from Cassidy, the fellow I borrowed the money from for my room rent. You know, there's something I can't explain about all this. I'd told my landlady I was going to meet you. Why, I don't know. You know, I was so suicidal! And, oh, George, my wife said she had been frantic these past few days, since getting Reggie's letter. Scared stiff I'd be committing suicide. Hard time getting a plane here. Bought every newspaper, fearing to read bad news about me. Said my end would have been hers. Not that she would have killed herself. Grief would have done it, she said. She's terribly happy, George, right now. Cried over the phone. Says now she wants us to be *really* married, before we go to England, and you can be best man. I asked if Reggie had suggested that in his letter. She said no, but that she knew he'd want that. Why, *that*, she said, he'd regard as payment for everything."

"Then she started bawling. Poor kid! You know, George, most of the world's crazy. Only a few people like Reggie Austin really are sane. But can you imagine his fans even dreaming he's like he is? He's so much greater than what they admire! He's—well, George, you *will* be the best man. You line up the priest. I'm so weak, George, that I feel sick! Am I dreaming all this?"

I fling up my hands. I'm weak too. "George, will you call a taxi? I promised Helen I'd get right over to the room!"

I phone for a taxi. It's not long coming.

"God bless you, George! God bless you! God bless you!" Irv is exclaiming as he almost jerks my hand off out on the front porch. "Be in touch with you later today!"

I'm so absorbed in the whole experience that I only notice, as the taxi drives off, that it's daylight. I look at my wrist watch. Twenty minutes of six.

I'm far too wakeful to sleep. It'll be at least an hour before my family's up. I go into the kitchen and make some coffee. The aroma's pleasant. What a night to have gone through. I make the Sign of the Cross.



Above: Gene Tierney falls in love with a ghost (Rex Harrison) in "The Ghost and Mrs. Muir" Left: In "Romance of Rosy Ridge" Van Johnson (shown with Janet Leigh) is an Ozark mountaineer

Greasepaint Pinks

In a recent flurry about Communist activity, in Hollywood, the headline writers overlooked one very important statement. The charges made by actors Robert Taylor, Richard Arlen, and Adolphe Menjou were given due publicity and attention, but the allegations of writer Jack Moffitt were somehow lost in the shuffle.

His charge that Hollywood's greatest infiltration of Communism had come from Broadway where the Left Wing "has a monopoly" will not be news to those who have had any contact with the legitimate theater in recent years. It should be publicized to the limit for, insofar as it affects the screen, this frenzied radical activity on Broadway is a mighty serious matter. Most of the screen writers and actors receive their pre-Hollywood experience in Times Square. There, they are the special targets of a fanatical group of minor yet influential theater folk who make up in zeal and arrogance what they lack in numbers and importance.

This tightly knit group of zealots has managed, in true leftist tradition, to infiltrate into positions of importance in actors' unions and then proceeded to use those positions to the best advantage of "the cause." Any actor or writer who has appeared on Broadway or in New York radio can tell the same story of pressure tactics, an endless stream of petitions to "save" this or that group, calls for appearances at rallies, benefits, and protest meetings. Young players, struggling for a foothold in the world's most highly competitive profession, hesitate to offend such determined, vocal pinks, particularly when subtle hints accompany requests.

Fortunately there are alert, active groups working in both Equity and AFRA to overcome the influence of these well-disciplined party liners and fellow travelers who are intent on using their positions to advance the cause they espouse. The average course in dramatics doesn't include lessons on how to counteract the influence and the efforts of the pinko-liberals, but it should according to many players and writers aware of the existing situation.

This was what critic-scenarist Moffitt had in mind when he told the House Un-American Activities Committee that the Left-Wing has a monopoly on Broadway. It is a monopoly by and for a small minority who follow the same design that "the Party" has created for its moles in every field of endeavor. It assumes greater importance when the relation of stage and screen is considered and the influence value of both assessed.

Stage and Screen

By JERRY COTTER

Reviews in Brief

From freckled adolescent to homespun philosopher is the transition made by Van Johnson in *THE ROMANCE OF ROSY RIDGE*. To his credit it must be said that he turns in a facile performance as a Union soldier who heads into the Ozark country shortly after the Civil War. While serving as peacemaker between two die-hard factions, he decides to take root in the mountains just in case the folk start a-feudin' once more. The photography is excellent and so are the players, with Thomas Mitchell, Selena Royle, Janet Leigh, and Dean Stockwell doing especially well. Johnson makes a good start toward becoming an actor in this unusual rustic study. (MGM)

MOSS ROSE has its moments of high suspense, but they are too scattered to lift this mystery far above the average despite an exciting Ethel Barrymore performance and the surprisingly good work of Peggy Cummins. Set in Victorian England it revolves around the machinations of a psychopathic mother who fears the day when her son will marry and leave her. Victor Mature performs like a department-store dummy as the son that only a mother could love, while Vincent Price is lost as a Scotland Yard operative with an eye and a nose for roses. One particularly gruesome scene



Above: Peggy Cummins accuses Victor Mature of murder in a scene from "Moss Rose." Right: Jimmy Lydon talks with Elizabeth Taylor in "Cynthia," story of a small-town teen-ager



belongs in Madame Tussard's rather than on the screen. Otherwise the yawns and the chills balance each other out. (20th Century-Fox)

A psychopathic study to top all others seen to date, POSSESSED impresses this reviewer as the point where the line should be drawn—and kept! Seldom has the screen gone as deeply into the recesses of the psychiatric files for its material as in this story of a schizoid personality who goes to pieces following an unfortunate romance. Joan Crawford is brilliant in the lead, with Van Heflin and Raymond Massey lending strong support, but the entire theme belongs at a medical convention rather than in a movie auditorium. (Warner Brothers)

Occasionally a picture is so poorly constructed and badly acted that even its attempts at suggestiveness are pathetic. Such is the case of LOST HONEYMOON, a mixed-up mess about international romance, amnesia, and baby twins in search of a father. It isn't funny, it isn't entertaining, and as acted by Franchot Tone, Ann Richards, and Tom Conway it isn't worth the time or trouble. This rates a "B" right down the line. (Eagle-Lion)

Barbara Stanwyck gives another of her sincere, reliable interpretations in THE OTHER LOVE, a rather maudlin tableau combining Camille with the worst features of the slick magazine narratives. The formula is easily recognizable, and while the acting is uniformly good the plot is too familiar to arouse much more than mild adult interest. David Niven and Richard Conte appear to good advantage as rivals for the affections of a tubercular pianist in a swank Alpine sanatorium, where she is spending her last days. For those who enjoy damp movies. (United Artists)

THE GHOST AND MRS. MUIR is an appealing fantasy for the grown-up fairy-tale fans, produced with taste and imagination, acted ingratiatingly by Gene Tierney and Rex Harrison, sprinkled liberally with humor, and designed for those who have been awaiting a new twist to the old ghost-story routine. The switch is supplied by having an attractive young widow fall in love with the spirit of a sea captain who formerly occupied her cliff home. At first he tries to drive her off, but she doesn't frighten easily. Later,

when she is faced with eviction, he dictates his memoirs to her and she sells the book to an amazed publisher, who can't quite understand how a mild-mannered young woman could have penned such a rollicking yarn. In its own realm this is decidedly worthwhile, aside from one suggestive scene. (20th Century-Fox)

The combination of Carmen Miranda and Groucho Marx in a musical called COPACABANA is self-descriptive. There is a story, but it doesn't intrude often enough on the noisy comedy and the general confusion to matter very much. A night-club background, songs by Andy Russell and Gloria Jean, a weird trio who turn out to be genuine, in-the-flesh Broadway columnists, and several gags salvaged from the vaudeville files round out the picture. Miranda's head-dress and Marx' mustache are the outstanding attractions. (United Artists)

With Hollywood so enamored of psychological themes it was inevitable that one would come along giving the "experts" in mental matters a deserved razzing. TROUBLE WITH WOMEN does that, and quite effectively, too. The trouble with it, however, is the usual predilection for offensive comedy and innuendo. One particularly suggestive scene detracts from the enjoyment of this otherwise amusing, well-acted charade. Ray Milland, Teresa Wright, and Brian Donlevy are expert in the leads. (Paramount)

Ann Sheridan, Lew Ayres, and Zachary Scott lend added interest to THE UNFAITHFUL, a story which might have been lifted intact from the headlines of any newspaper. The backwash of war has revealed many sordid instances of infidelity and amoral behavior. This tells of the mess in which one couple find themselves when the woman kills the man with whom she had been friendly while her husband was overseas. Though some attempt is made to extenuate her actions, there is fortunately no whitewash. Tried for the murder, she is acquitted on justifiable grounds of self-defense, and the couple set bravely out to patch up their tarnished marriage.

There is a plea against severing marital bonds that may indicate a Hollywood awakening to the dangers in our zooming divorce rate. The three stars are effective, and the direction is sufficiently assured to keep the melodramatic story

moving at an absorbing pace. Not a pretty study, but a provocative one for adult audiences. (Warner Brothers)

NORTHWEST OUTPOST brings Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey back to the screen in a costume musical enriched by a lilting Rudolf Friml score. The background is the Pacific Coast of a hundred years ago when the Russians had a trading post in what is now California. The operetta is pictorially pleasing and vocally satisfying, with the American GI Chorus giving a brilliant rendition of the Friml number, "Weary." The use of slave labor is depicted, pointing up the fact that though some progress has been made in other parts of the world, Mother Russia still clings to old traditions. (Republic)

A jumbled, ineffectual patchwork of seriousness and typical musical comedy froth, **LIVING IN A BIG WAY** fails to impress in either division. The ever-present casual acceptance of divorce and the housing shortage provide the principal plot threads with some Gene Kelly dance routines and a few sorry attempts at comedy woven into the pattern. Marie McDonald, Phyllis Thaxter, Charles Winninger, and Spring Byington are also present without adding anything of consequence to an adult frivolity that misses the target by a wide margin. (MGM)

CYNTHIA is a thoroughly enjoyable family picture that is a most welcome change from the murder epics, the sex sagas, and the neurotic ramblings of recent vintage. Instead of wondering uneasily about your own sanity or the hidden meaning behind Aunt Nellie's craze for caramels, you can sit back, relax, and sympathize with the teen-age problems of a small-town girl. Elizabeth Taylor is splendid as a youngster whose delicate health prevents her from engaging in the strenuous routine of a high school student, while George Murphy and Mary Astor do the best work of their careers as her overanxious parents. In place of dramatic high lights, this has humor and charm and the suspenseful appeal of a first high school dance. Recommended for the entire family. (MGM)

The current trend in the field of outdoors drama is regrettable from the audience viewpoint and downright foolhardy on the part of the producers. By deliberately playing up the sex angle in Westerns, the industry is alienating a very large segment of the movie audience. **CHEYENNE** is the latest to join the parade. A lusty, spectacular show that would ordinarily find favor with the family trade, it earns an objectionable rating by the completely unnecessary introduction of an offensive musical sequence usually associated with the tawdrier musicals. Jane Wyman, Dennis Morgan, Bruce Bennett, and Alan Hale are a few of the players involved in this new-style horse opera. (Warner Brothers)

Frozen Fun

For the eighth year, producers Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz have installed a new edition of their hardy perennial ice show at Radio City's Center Theater. New York visitors and residents have long accepted these colorful spectacles as the perfect hot-weather antidote. This year the rink revue is known as **ICETIME OF 1948**, and the accent is on fun. A lengthy array of ice comets has been corralled and turned loose against a glittering backdrop. The one and only Freddie Trenkler is still doing the impossible without any apparent strain; Joe Jackson, Jr., the well-known vaudeville comic, has transferred his fun-making to the frozen platform; Skippy Baxter, Jimmy Caesar, the Brandt Sisters, and a long list of figure-8 stars are also on the program in a show that is at least the equal of any in this popular series. It is a recommendation for every member of the family—particularly when the mercury goes up and up and up!

Happy Experiment

In presenting his two short operas, **THE MEDIUM** and **THE TELEPHONE**, as a late-season entry on the Broadway theater, composer Gian-Carlo Menotti has not only given the last hours of the theatrical year a needed vitamin but has also opened up an entire new field for the musical world.

Originally presented in an obscure theater off the beaten track, the operas were greeted so enthusiastically that two enterprising young men decided to chance a professional presentation. The performance now on view justifies their optimism, for it is a tonic the musical theater has sorely needed. *The Medium* is the longer and the better of the two short musical plays, being dramatically and musically successful in its avowed purpose of sending eerie waves up and down spectator spines. Marie Powers does a magnificent acting and singing job as a fake medium who goes violently and melodramatically mad as the result of her own charlatanism. *The Telephone* is a frothy humor-piece built around the efforts of a young man to propose to his lady-love. The villain in the case is the telephone, whose insistent ring is the signal for another lengthy, frivolous conversation. Though we couldn't see much of a rosy future for the lad, he solved his dilemma by dashing to the corner drugstore and phoning his declaration of eternal devotion.

In both cases the Menotti score is forceful, colorful, and pliable, serving as a valuable complement to the dramatic portions. Judged separately, both plays and score leave something to be desired, but viewed and heard as a combination the result is eminently satisfying. Gian-Carlo Menotti has blazed a trail for others to follow.

Paradox from Moscow

From the land of the propaganda-wise Soviets and the pen of the equally cause-conscious Konstantin Simonov comes the surprise of the theatrical season, a warm and appealing little comedy entitled **THE WHOLE WORLD OVER**. The story, the characterizations, and the dialogue are fresh, if slight, and the play runs along at a merry, almost light-hearted, pace. Concerning itself with such bourgeois matters as a housing shortage and conventional romance, it causes one to wonder whether Thelma Schnee took liberties with her adaptation. It's hard indeed to believe that the Siminov who turned out the vitriolic and sneering *Russian Question*, is responsible for this comedy or that the masters of the Kremlin permitted it to slip through the iron curtain. Joseph Buloff, Uta Hagan, and Stephen Bekassy are likeable leads in this latest Russian paradox.

Playguide

FOR THE FAMILY: *Alice in Wonderland*; *Icetime*.

On Tour: *Lute Song*; *Song of Norway*.

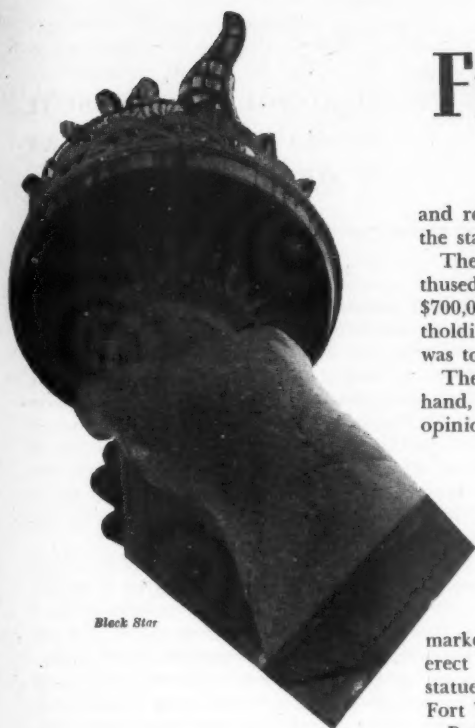
FOR ADULTS: *State of the Union*; *Life with Father*; *Okla-homa*; *Harvey*; *Whole World Over*; *The Medium* and *The Telephone*.

On Tour: *The Red Mill*; *Magnificent Yankee*.

PARTLY OBJECTIONABLE: *All My Sons*; *Annie Get Your Gun*; *Barefoot Boy with Cheek*; *Born Yesterday*; *Brigadoon*; *Call Me Mister*; *Finian's Rainbow*; *Happy Birthday*; *John Loves Mary*; *Sweethearts*; *Portrait in Black*; *Burlesque*.

On Tour: *The Fatal Weakness*; *Two Mrs. Carrolls*; *Three to Make Ready*; *Anna Lucasta*; *Carousel*; *Laura*; *Skin of Our Teeth*; *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

COMPLETELY OBJECTIONABLE: *Voice of the Turtle*. On Tour: *The Iceman Cometh*; *Blackouts of 1947*.



Black Star

First Lady

By WILLIAM H. SMULLEN

and returned to France convinced that the statue would be welcome.

The French people were wildly enthused about the idea. They donated \$700,000 to build the statue, and Bartholdi set to work on the task which was to occupy him more than a decade.

The American people, on the other hand, Bartholdi's sampling of their opinion to the contrary, showed a

Visitors to the Statue of Liberty view New York's harbor from a vantage point

marked apathy to appeals for funds to erect a ninety-foot pedestal for the statue on the star-shaped parapet of old Fort Wood on Bedloe's Island.

Bartholdi finished his goddess in 1874, but she lay in Paris for another year waiting for the Americans to finish building a place for her to stand.

Work on the pedestal had been proceeding at a snail's pace, but it ceased finally in March 1875 when it was discovered that another \$100,000 would be needed to complete the job.

It looked as if Miss Liberty would never set foot in the New World and her plight stirred that leader of forlorn hopes, Joseph Pulitzer, to righteous anger. "Was chivalry in America dead?" he roared.

Judging from the response he got to his editorial, "The National Disgrace," it wasn't. All it needed was a little prompting. A flood of nickels, dimes, and quarters began pouring in.

More than \$102,000 was raised in this manner, and the pedestal was finished in the spring of 1876. Miss Liberty, carefully packed in three hundred sections, arrived in New York in June aboard the French steamer "Isere" and was duly installed on Bedloe's Island.

The goddess's mighty frame had been specially designed by Eiffel, builder of the famous Paris tower, with the assistance of Ferdinand De Lesseps, the French engineer who made the first attempt to build the Panama Canal.

In the hearts of Americans, Miss Liberty holds a place second only to the Stars and Stripes

The Statue of Liberty was formally dedicated on October 28, 1886. Despite cold and rainy weather, thousands jammed Fifth Avenue to watch the parade which preceded the dedication ceremony on the island attended by President Cleveland and other notables.

Symbolizing the triumph of the forces of light over the powers of darkness in the recent war, the goddess now shines at night with all the brightness of the evening star. The green patina characteristic of her daytime appearance, which years have given her copper robes, has been cleverly highlighted by special floodlighting designed by Westinghouse engineers.

Miss Liberty's famous torch, which now burns with a hot bright glow which can be seen twenty miles at sea, was originally a solid sheet of copper, but shortly after the dedication a government electrical expert cut two horizontal rows in the covering to permit the installation of a single lamp.

Later, Gutzon Borglum, the American sculptor, and Edgar Bostock, a glazing expert, collaborated to design a living flame in the torch by cutting out the metal surfaces and substituting six hundred tiny windows made of cathedral glass.

A NATIONAL monument since October 15, 1924, the Statue has been under the administration of the National Park Service since 1933. Because of her importance to navigation she was originally under the guardianship of the U. S. Lighthouse Board and was for a short time under War Department control. The army maintained a small post at Fort Wood on Bedloe's Island until 1937, but the entire area is now under the supervision of the National Parks Service.

Miss Liberty has thousands of visitors every year, most of them from other sections of the country. Countless Americans in the metropolitan area have still to pay their respects to the lady in person, and still others live in such a narrow corner they have never caught a glimpse of her, even from a ferry's deck.

Nevertheless, she holds a place in the affections of all of them second only to the Stars and Stripes itself, and to Americans everywhere she will always remain a huge and thrilling symbol of the freedom for which their country stands.

IF CONGRESS were to decide suddenly to scrap the Statue of Liberty, the howl of indignation which would ring across the land would be easy to imagine. Probably the best-known statue in the world, Miss Liberty is America's real First Lady.

Yet little more than sixty years ago, the Lady was as unwanted and friendless as a musical comedy star past her prime. In peril of rusting away in oblivion at her birthplace in Paris, she needed a friend and a powerful one.

A kind fate provided the friend. He was Joseph Pulitzer, the publisher of the *New York World*, who is responsible for Miss Liberty's presence in New York Harbor today.

The story is this: When the Alsatian sculptor, Frederic Auguste Bartholdi, for whom colossal statuary had always had a particular fascination, first proposed to present America with a gigantic statue to be called "Liberty Enlightening the World," a murmur arose in art circles here. Wasn't Bartholdi's statue of Lafayette in Union Square enough of an affliction? the critics asked. One eminent Yale professor said a Statue of Liberty in New York would be just another "asparagus stalk" disfiguring the New York skyline.

Unperturbed by criticism, Bartholdi came to America to sound out opinion. He talked to a number of prominent Americans, among them Sumner, Longfellow, and President Grant himself,

Categorica

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR UNUSUAL
ON MATTERS OF GREAT
OR LITTLE MOMENT

Our Sister, The Moon

► *UNLIKE ST. FRANCIS, who watched the moon with astonishment and thought of it as his sister, we too often look complacently at our shining satellite. Alan Devoe's article in the "American Mercury" is a challenge to our complacency. An excerpt:*

Our sister, the moon, though she may look small to us, and though indeed we may largely neglect to look at her at all, has a body rather more than two thousand miles in diameter. Should there be watchers on Venus or Mars, staring out into their sky in the still of the night, the space-organism called the moon and the space-organism that we call our earth would appear to be two close stars.

Or the situation may be put more humbly, in a yet larger reach of vision. It is our custom, complacently enough, to speak of "the moon." What we mean, of course, is this particular sisterly satellite, visible from our earth. But Uranus has four moons. Jupiter has nine. There are ten moons on Saturn.

Our moon is distant from us by just less than a quarter of a million miles. It is a very little distance, in the terms in which astronomers think. It is so close an association, the moon's and ours, that we can peer at the moon's landscape; and so close that our earth-pull has stopped the moon's axial rotation, while moon-pull plucks at the waters of our earth and causes what we call our tides. The moon brightens our night with its reflected light; and—what our imagination does not commonly expand to realize—we brighten the moon with ours. From the day-side of our world, there shines forth to the moon the glow of "earthlight."

We think of the shining of the sun and the paler reflected shining of the moon. But it is a fact that we too, to the moon, are a shining sphere. Our earthlight is fifty times as bright as any moonlight that ever shimmers on our familiar land.

Poets and prophets, as well as scientists . . . have given names to the areas of moonland, even as to our own hills and seas and wooded valleys. Science still uses those names in charting the moon's landscape, though it has translated them into Latin.

Up there, in that world that shares this universe with us, there is a place called The Sea of Showers. There is another place called The Sea of Clouds. Deep in the heart of that strange, gray land are the Marsh of Sleep and the Lake of Dreams.

The Lovely Language

► *JOHN HORNE BURNS landed in Italy with the American Army in 1944 and soon fell in love with the Italian language. The following excerpt from his article in "Harper's" expresses his opinions on the subject:*

I remember making acquaintance with Italian. At first all I heard in Naples was *assshpett* and *capeesh* and *payyyysann*. But after a few days it broke down into something more articulate. Italian (not Neapolitan dialect) can soon be un-

derstood because it sounds like what it's saying. Italian is a language as natural as the human breath. Neither Italian nor breathing ceases when you stop thinking about it. Italian is a feminine and flowing tongue in which the endings fill up the pauses, covering those gaps and gaucheries of conversation that embarrass Americans and British. It's a language whose inertia has remained on the plus side. It keeps in motion by its own inherent drive. The Italians are never silent with one another. It isn't necessary even to think in this lovely language, for your breath comes and goes anyhow, and you might just as well use it to talk with. . . .

I remember that Italian used to amuse me till it caught me in its silken web. For it's a language meant to be talked, which is the only reason people open their mouths at all. I remember how kind the Neapolitans were to me when I was learning it, the sweetness of their grammatical corrections, the look of joy on an Italian face when you address him in his tongue, however poorly. Italian is the most sociable and Christian language in this world. It's full of a bubblelike laughter. Yet it's capable of power and bitterness. It has nouns that tick off a personality as neatly as a wisecrack. It's a language in which the voice runs to all levels. You all but sing, and you work off your passion with your hands.

America: Hollywood Version

► *THE FOLLOWING GEOGRAPHICAL description of America, based on Hollywood's presentation of the subject, is quoted from an article by an English writer, C. A. Lejeune, in the "New York Times Magazine":*

The United States of America is a cozy little country consisting of three small states, California, Kentucky, and Texas; a vague area known as the Middle West; a rather demode section called the Wild, or Woolly, West, and New York. There used to be another State called Georgia, but that was way back in history days. Its capital city was a place with a Greek name, where they fought some battle or other—Atlanta or Atlantic.

California is where the film stars live; it has one town called Hollywood, and a lot of empty space. Kentucky is used for raising horses; the best people to raise horses are adolescent boys. Texas is populated by very tall men in white hats and plaid shirts, who roll their cigarettes and talk with a drawl. Their job is a bit indefinite, but whatever it is, they take their time over it and get outside their territory a lot.

The Middle West is sort of an innocent place; all the inhabitants look kinda naïve. The boys chew straws and take a helluva time to get hold of a simple thought. The girls look fresh and blossomy, like Jeanne Crain. They dream a lot, dress in gingham.

The Wild and Woolly West isn't what it used to be. It still offers one startling natural phenomenon. It's always sunset in the West. But the place has grown sissified since they got rid of the Indians. Nowadays even the cowboys are vocalized.

New York, tucked away behind the Statue of Liberty, con-

sists of two parts: Brooklyn and Broadway. Everyone in New York is either terribly rich or frightfully poor. The terribly rich live in things called penthouses. The advantage of living in a penthouse is that you can look out of your window and see Brooklyn Bridge, beyond which people live in tenelements. . . .

These constitute the main geographical sections of America. Other outstanding spots are Chicago, where gangsters tear up and down the streets in black, bulletproof cars, mowing people down with machine guns; Boston, an old-fashioned, rather stuffy place; Washington, stolid and overcrowded; San Francisco, where private inquiry agents operate along the waterfront in a perpetual fog; Atlantic City, where businessmen go on conventions with blondes; the Painted Desert; West Point and Annapolis, at one of which they throw pennies at a statue, but I can't recall which; Carvel, where the Hardys live; Carnegie Hall, and Tombstone.

He Knows the Answers

► **HOW MANY QUILLS does a porcupine have?** William Amos can give you the answer to this and thousands of other questions about the animal world. From an article by Andrew Tully in "This Week":

Mr. William Amos is a lithe young man with a quick smile who tells people what cobras eat for breakfast.

"They eat other snakes," he says. "Snakes for breakfast, dinner, and supper." . . .

Mr. Amos and three other amiable experts compose the staff of the Question House at the sprawling New York Zoological Park, better known as the Bronx Zoo. Every year, from late April until the cold weather sets in again, they answer some 5,000 questions from 50,000 visitors about the hundreds of mammals, reptiles, and birds at the zoo.

The Question House handles phone calls, too, particularly from puzzle fans. A recent check showed 276 calls in two days about just one puzzle. . . .

"One boy really put us to work," one expert recalls. "He wanted to know how long it would take a bee to make a pound of honey."

"Actually a single bee wouldn't live long enough to finish the job. But we did some figuring and discovered that a bee would have to make at least 40,000 trips of one and a half miles each to procure enough nectar for a pound of honey—or the equivalent of more than twice around the world."

Racing's Showman

► **FRANK GRAHAM, writing in "Sport," disagrees with the average American's opinion that the Kentucky Derby is the country's greatest horse race but gives credit to the creator of the magnificent spectacle. From Mr. Graham's article:**

Actually, the greatest horserace in America is the Belmont Stakes, run every May at Belmont Park, which is in New York. It is older than the Derby by eight years, having had its inaugural in 1867. It is richer in tradition. It is at the true Derby distance of a mile and a half (the Kentucky classic is at a mile and a quarter). It is run from a month to five weeks later than the Derby, by which time the culls of the three-year-old field have been weeded out and the survivors are in top form for their sternest test. It is regarded by breeders as the proving ground for potential sires, and from its long list of winners have come many of the great progenitors, with emphasis on Man o' War, who won it in 1920.

But all that is on the stuffy side to the man on the street. The only race that excites him is the Derby and, although the chances are a million to one he's never seen it, he has a picture of it, with sound effects, in his mind. The rambling, weather-beaten stand with its twin steeples . . . the heaving,

restless crowd . . . the mint juleps . . . the sudden hush that comes over the crowd, and the massed bands softly playing "My Old Kentucky Home" as the horses come on the track. . . .

Whether he knows it or not, the picture he has in his mind was put there by Col. Matt Winn, the remarkable man who built the Derby from a country race into an unmatched turf spectacle by his shrewdness, his showmanship, and his sound belief that it pays to advertise. He never owned a racehorse, never trained nor rode one. His only connection with racing until he was 41 years old was that of a patron of the book-makers. . . .

Individual horses helped him, horses that won dramatically or in whose background lay a dramatic story that added to the lore of the Downs: Donrail, winning at odds of 95-1 in 1913 . . . the victories of the four Bradley colts—Behave Yourself in 1921, Bubbling Over in 1926, Burgoo King in 1932, and Brokers Tip in 1933, when the jockeys, Meade and Fischer, whipped and slashed each other down the stretch.

These horses, these races, and some that came after them, served the Colonel nobly, for out of them were woven tales to stir the imagination even of those who had never seen a horse race.

Prescription Filled

► **WE'VE COME A LONG WAY since a group of doctors prescribed the automobile. Hal Boßland writes in "Holiday" on the automobile's influence on our economy and way of life. A few excerpts:**

Oklahoma became a state, Admiral Peary almost reached the North Pole, Susan B. Anthony died, Sir Huon won the Kentucky Derby, and the Journal of the American Medical Association published a report on "Automobiles for Physicians." The year was 1906. It was just ten years since Charles Duryea, the Massachusetts bicycle designer who built the first practical automobile in America, had announced, "A Thoroughly Reliable Gasolene Motor Vehicle." . . .

The doctors endorsed the automobile, conditionally. They summarized their needs thus: A car that would last, with reasonable repairs, five years; one powerful enough to master hills that could be climbed with a horse and buggy; able to travel fifteen, but no more than twenty, miles an hour; light enough to pry out of a ditch with a fence rail. They were willing to pay \$600 for such a car. There was no such automobile then in existence, but country doctors have always inclined to optimism.

Even the doctors didn't suspect what was coming. Nor did they realize that in putting their own needs into words they were expressing the needs and desires of hundreds of thousands of other Americans. Not one of them could foresee how the automobile they were prescribing would change the social, economic, and industrial face of America before most of them were in their graves.

Since 1906 we have hard-surfaced more than a million and a half miles of the roads those doctors traveled to lance boils and deliver babies, we have semiurbanized 60,000,000 of the farmers they physicked, we've sold 90,000,000 cars and trucks to their fellow citizens, and we've put over a million of their friends and neighbors to work building automobiles, not to mention other millions servicing them. . . .

Better schools evolved when it became possible to haul all the children from a big rural area to a central school by bus. Insularity lessened when a car with a license from another state ceased to be a major curiosity; when an Iowa farmer could drive to California for a winter vacation; when a New York banker could own a farm fifty miles from the city and live there all summer, commuting to the city. Health improved and infant mortality rates declined when hospitals were within an hour's range by car.

Quaker City Journalism

By ART SMITH

The City of Brotherly Love is served an adequate but rather unvaried journalistic diet

J. David Stern, publisher of the *Philadelphia Record* and the *Camden* (N.J.) *Courier-Post*, leaned across his walnut desk and scowled.

"That," he snapped at Arthur Riordan, secretary and former president of the Philadelphia-Camden Newspaper Guild (CIO), "is no-compromise! That proposal amounts to confiscation!"

Riordan, a veteran copyreader and telegraph desk assistant whose best years had been spent in the service of Stern, folded a sheaf of papers from which he had been reading the latest Guild contractual demands and stood up.

"Well, sir," he said with unaccustomed seriousness, "if you insist upon arbitrarily turning this proposal down, we can do nothing but return to our membership and call for a strike vote. Believe me, Mr. Stern, we don't want to strike."

Stern's silence was as adamant as his scowl was black. Riordan hesitated, then turned to M. H. Goldstein, Guild counsel; Joe Collis, Guild international vice-president; Andy Khiney, Guild president; and Michael S. Harris, local CIO chief.

"We'd better go, fellows," he said quietly. In bleak silence, the quintet filed out of the paneled office, down the drab corridor to the creaky elevator, across the linoleumed stretch of the business office to the door, and out into Broad Street.

"Well," said Riordan, "that appears to be that."

Upstairs Stern, his truculent mood still upon him, turned to his associates, Harry T. Saylor, broad-beamed, good-natured editor of the *Record* and Stern's closest adviser, Walter Lister, managing editor of the *Record*, and two lawyers.

"Well," he said, "what do you think?"

Saylor absently crushed out a cigarette.

"They'll strike, of course," he said. He sighed. "Yes, they'll strike and may God help them."

That was November 5, 1946. On November 6, the *Record* and Camden Guild

units voted 6 to 1 to empower the executive committee to take whatever steps it deemed necessary to enforce its demands. On November 7, a strike was called and for the first time in Philadelphia's long and fascinating journalistic history, reporters, rewrite men, copyreaders, sports writers, telephone operators, clerks, advertising peddlers, and circulation employees walked a picket line. In Camden, just across the Delaware River, 157 Guild members stalked out.

For three months the pickets paraded. Three times the Guild negotiators met with Stern or his representatives. They got nowhere and the pickets continued to march. Then, like a crack of thunder, the executive-staffed *Record*, which missed not a day of publication despite the walkout of 423 employees, announced that J. David Stern had sold the *Record*, the Camden papers, and his radio station WCAU, to the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, and that the Stern papers were to be discontinued at once.

Thus died the only liberal newspaper Philadelphia had known in three generations. And thus did J. David Stern, who often called himself the "Father of the Guild," wipe out forever more than a thousand newspaper jobs. It is reliably reported that he got \$11,000,000 in the deal. A tidy sum.

Now, publishers are curious customers. Like women, they reserve the right to change their minds, which is okay since no man must necessarily be correct in his first appraisal of a given situation. But in some instances, and not too isolated either, they may own newspapers in more than one community and pursue different policies in each. The effect is confusing, to say the least.

Such a publisher was J. David Stern. The record does not show what politics he admired when he was putting out a daily in Springfield, Ill., and another in a sedate New England town back in the late twenties and early thirties, but his editorial conduct in Philadelphia and Camden is well remembered. In Philadelphia, he was an ardent Democrat, a liberal who fought the fight of the common man. He was for labor all the way. He was the archenemy of reac-

tion. But just across the Delaware, he was a man of different mood—apparently a Republican whose likes and dislikes followed a distinctly conservative pattern.

In Pennsylvania, for example, Stern campaigned for and elected to the Governor's chair George Earle, an amiable and wealthy Main Liner of excellent family who later was to attract international attention when, as a U.S. envoy to Bulgaria, he belted a pro-Nazi in a Sofia night club because the German objected to Earle's having the orchestra play the British marching song, "It's a Long Way to Tipperary." It generally was agreed among Philadelphia newspapermen that Stern actually believed he would be able to send Earle to the White House eventually, which would make him a behind-the-scenes strategist.

In his *Record*, Stern howled for the two-party system. Over the river, his *Courier* and *Post* supported a weird coalition of extremely unimpressive Democratic and Republican hacks. But in both towns he backed Franklin D. Roosevelt through four elections.

But it cannot and certainly should not be denied that, in Philadelphia at least, Stern was the voice of labor and that when his *Record* died, that extremely articulate voice was stilled. The death of the paper also left the nation's third largest city with only two standardized newspapers, the *Inquirer* and the *Bulletin*, and one undernourished tabloid, the *Daily News*. No discerning reader would term either of the former liberal in viewpoint. The "Ink" as the newspaper fraternity calls the *Inquirer*, is frankly reactionary. The *Bulletin* is middle-of-the-road. With such a setup, Philadelphia should have missed the *Record*, but, strangely enough, the populace did not mourn too greatly. The political gang at City Hall, of course, was openly jubilant.

It probably can be argued, strictly on the premise that a community needs newspapers for the purpose of keeping informed, that the sprawling town of the Quakers is adequately served by the "Ink" and the *Bulletin*. Indubitably, each does a superb job of covering the daily comings and goings of Philadel-

The News You Get--IX

phians, both urban and suburban. No item of local public concern escapes notice. Both papers cover the entire area, including the swanky Main Line, with staff members, and each has a formidable list of correspondents scattered through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. And perhaps even more important than their comprehensive coverage, the *Inquirer* and the *Bulletin* play the news smack down the middle, reserving opinion for the editorial page, where opinion belongs. Unhappily, the same cannot be said for the *Record*, where frequently the slant of the news suspiciously paralleled the editorials.

The *Bulletin*, however, poses a puzzle that has had every newspaperman who ever knew it intimately, walking around on his heels. It is currently the largest afternoon newspaper in the country, boasting a circulation of approximately 700,000 daily and better than half that total on Sundays. Yet it has been, without question, the dullest newspaper in point of appearance that it is possible to imagine. It is, furthermore, extremely difficult to read. In the main, the writing which goes into it is drab and ordinary. Its features, with a few exceptions, are enough to drive a reader out of his mind. While it chronicles faithfully every crumb of news in the Philadelphia area, finding out what is going on is a monumental task for the reader. A wilderness of ads, jump-heads, and agate public notices clutter up its pages.

But with all its faults, Philadelphians buy the *Bulletin*, read it, and swear by it. While other papers, many of them, have entered the afternoon field in the City of Brotherly Love only to languish and die, the *Bulletin*, under the direction of a succession of McLean family scions, has gone steadily along its immensely profitable way. This year, the old lady celebrates her hundredth birthday.

It must not be inferred that for all its dull-as-dishwasher appearance, the *Bulletin* overlooks any bets. It definitely does not. It hires good men at good salaries. Its equipment is the finest. Its building is a good, clean, and comfortable one conveniently located a stone's throw from that amazing pile which is Philadelphia's city hall. When radio newscasting became an adjunct of reporting the news, the *Bulletin* jumped into the field and also added a news belt around the front of its building after the fashion of the famous *New York Times* sign in Times Square.

From time to time, the *Bulletin* makes a pass at becoming spritely, and the effect is something like a buxom dowager trying to skip rope, lorgnette and all. In the late 1930's it imported Harry Zeamer, adroit, capable ex-Hearst man from Detroit, to give the old girl a shot



Robert McLean (left) with Charles Grakelow and Benjamin James. Mr. McLean, with his brother William, publishes the staid but profitable "Philadelphia Bulletin"



When J. David Stern (above, before House Labor Committee) sold his "Record" because of labor difficulties, the Quaker City lost its only liberal newspaper



Photos from International
Moe Annenberg (now deceased) purchased the "Philadelphia Inquirer" in 1936. He is shown above with his son Walter, who succeeded him as publisher of the paper



► A young woman hurried into a new delicatessen in her neighborhood to pick up some things. The man behind the counter strove to please her in every way, going to considerable trouble to make careful selection of each item. When she thanked him for his painstaking service, he said cheerfully, "Oh, that's all right, miss. There's our motto."

He waved to a printed card on the wall. It read: *Our Best Is None Too Good.*

Rockefeller Center Magazine

Honesty

of adrenalin. But death took Harry before he could accomplish much, and the paper settled back with a relieved sigh into its tried and true rut. It's still there.

Yet the story of the *Bulletin*—gray hair, double chin, and all—is something of a journalistic classic. In 1895, one William L. McLean, Sr., put up \$73,000 and acquired a property with an apparently paralyzed circulation of 6,317. Without delay he charted the policy this astonishing paper was to follow for the next half century. Local news, he divined, was what the good people of Philadelphia wanted to read, so local news he would give them—with names, names, names the indelible watchword. National news and international news got strictly secondary attention, although they were sandwiched into the paper somehow.

William McLean knew his Philadelphia. Circulation climbed. Prestige of the starched-shirt variety grew. Advertising piled in. By the time Stern decided to give up the battle the *Bulletin's* circulation had hit 775,000 daily. Its Sunday edition, which was not started until the *Record's* death, runs about 400,000 but unquestionably will increase.

Today McLean's two sons, Major Robert and William Jr., run the paper between them. Major McLean is president of the *Bulletin* and president since 1938 of the Associated Press. Although they have relaxed somewhat the old gentleman's strict policy of over-playing local news and have broken tradition by inaugurating a Sunday paper, the boys are nevertheless McLeans through and through. The *Bulletin* still wears a bustle.

Naturally, the McLeans past and present did not boost old William's \$73,000 fledgling to its present lofty perch by themselves. Oldtimers recall that one William Simpson, former *Bulletin* business manager, went to William McLean with a circulation scheme under which he was to get a pay boost for every 1,000 gain in daily sales. Simpson,

a prominent Catholic layman who was knighted by the Pope, retired in 1938 at a reported \$150,000 a year salary.

In 1936, Philadelphia publishers got a scare. The *Inquirer*, since 1829 a journalistic force which competing publishers could take or leave alone, was sold to fabulous Moe Annenberg of Chicago. Czar of racing information, owner of several turf papers, ex-publisher and a veteran of the Chicago circulation wars, Annenberg had a reputation for playing rough and for keeps.

With his son, Walter, Moe blew into town and began to pour money into the *Inquirer*. Almost at once, results were evident. Circulation climbed, advertising came, features—and good ones—livened the paper. Annenberg's policy was conservative, the paper's politics were Republican as contrasted with the rival *Record's* Democratic leanings. Editorially, he treated labor with aristocratic aloofness, but he issued orders that labor news be given careful and fair coverage.

FOR years, the fortunes of the *Inquirer* went their way unhindered. The paper grew, passed the *Record*, and was supreme in the morning field. But trouble—and bad trouble—was brewing. The Internal Revenue Department was quietly developing an income tax evasion case against Moe, and finally he was arrested, tried, and convicted.

No longer young, ill, and filled with bitter shame, Moe went off to prison, leaving Walter in charge of the paper. Within a short time after his release from the penitentiary, Moe died.

At the time, opinions were varied as to how the paper would fare under Walter's direction. Some, who knew the young man intimately, said that he was a chip off the old block and that nothing could stop him. Others ventured that he was somewhat on the arrogant side and that he would prove unpopular as an employer. Which faction was most correct in its appraisal, this writer

cannot say, but if the progress of the newspaper means anything, Walter need make no apologies. The "Ink" is still booming along.

While the *Inquirer* has always been—since the Annenbergs' proprietorship, anyway—noisily Republican, it did obliquely support FDR back in 1936 and, in 1940, frankly called both Democratic and Republican candidates in a Third District Congressional election unfit to hold office. Down the street, J. David Stern, Harry Saylor, and the other *Record* generals, remarked that the "Ink" had called the turn, but refused to do likewise.

From a standpoint of typography and makeup, the *Inquirer* is a handsome paper. The Annenbergs were never ones to spare expense, so the type faces are clear and the makeup editors who put the editions together are men who know their business. As has been said, the news is played straight, without attempt at slanting, and the world at large gets good coverage. Philadelphia stories are not on page one, simply because they are local. They take their chances along with United Nations news, happenings in Russia, plane crashes in Newfoundland, labor news in England or Scranton. The "Ink," from a professional view, is a good newspaper.

Least known of any Philadelphia paper is Lee Ellmaker's *Daily News*, a badly put together tabloid which reportedly was started in 1926 by Bill Vare, one of the admirals of the notorious Vare political machine which systematically looted Philadelphia for years. But though Vare money is said to have founded the sheet, it did not remain long in control, for the name of Bernarr Macfadden, the muscles man, soon appeared on the masthead as publisher. At the time, Macfadden was engaged in an extremely expensive experiment. He was trying to be a newspaper publisher as well as a magazine publisher, and he was meeting with spectacular failure. His *New York Graphic* was dying. His *Detroit Daily*, later to become the *Mirror*, was on its last legs. And the *News* in Philly certainly was no roaring success. Finally, he got out of town and Ellmaker, a shrewd operator who had been one of Macfadden's chiefs, took over.

There are those who say that the *News* would have far less circulation than it now boasts if it were not for Philadelphia's large Negro population. But in any event the paper has little editorial influence on the town.

No story of Philadelphia newspapers would be complete without at least passing discussion of the situation in Camden, N. J., which sprawls over a considerable area just across the Delaware River from Philly, and where J. David

NO MORE DEMERITS FOR DEMARET

Stern held a newspaper monopoly. He owned the morning *Courier* and the afternoon *Post*, and both made money for him. When the Guild called its strike, the Camden papers as well as the *Record* were affected, and when Stern made his deal with the *Bulletin*, both New Jersey properties were suspended.

But the Guild did not take the closing of the *Courier* and *Post* lying down. It started its own daily, the *Free Press*, staffed it with 110 strikers, farmed out the printing job to a union firm in Wilmington, Delaware, and rolled the circulation up to 35,000, which was all the available newsprint supply would permit. Thus, a fledgling newspaper traveled daily in three states—Delaware, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey—to reach its readers.

Not being in the publishing business except to meet an emergency, the Guild had no intention of publishing the *Free Press* permanently. But when rumor after rumor that the Camden papers were to reopen petered out, union leaders began to sound local capital on the proposition of financing a regular daily. They were not surprised when one industrialist offered to go along to the extent of \$500,000. He would own the paper, but the Guildsmen, at least, would have pay checks again.

BUT news of that sort has a trick of getting around, and before the deal could be consummated, the *Bulletin* announced that the Camden papers had been sold to Harold A. Stretch, former director of advertising for the *Inquirer*, who would resume publication. Early in May he did so. What his editorial policy will be remains to be seen.

Earlier in this series of "The News You Get," John C. O'Brien, himself a Philadelphian, referred in an engaging article to Washington, D. C., as the "graveyard of newspapers." This writer should like to submit Philadelphia as runner-up, at least. Since the turn of the century, no fewer than eleven dailies—and most of them with long and honorable records—have given up the ghost in the town of Billy Penn.

There was the *Item*, which lasted from 1849 to 1915; the *Evening Telegraph* which folded in 1918 after a run started in 1864; the *Press*, born in 1857 and died in 1920; the *North American*, 1839-1925; the *Sun*, started in 1925 and suspended three years later; the *Public Ledger*, founded in 1836 and absorbed by the *Inquirer* in 1934; the *Evening Ledger*, 1914-1942; the *Times*, 1875-1902; the *Herald*, 1866-1913; the *News-Post*, 1912-1914; and the *Record*, 1870-1947. An imposing array of headstones.

So goes the newspaper business in Philadelphia and, for that matter, over much of the country. And yet there are those who think it glamorous—which it is.

JOLLY Jimmy Demaret, the personality kid in the gay garb who almost followed the Primrose Path off the fairway, has them laughing again on the golf course, but they don't like it.

The chunky, chuckling boy came roaring out of the Southwest once again this year to mop up as he did some seven years ago, and as the pros look ahead to the big summer tournaments and another winter tour, they realize that the smiling Jimmy again will be double trouble.

Demaret of the loud clothes, the grin as wide as a prairie, and the unstudied graciousness had them over a barrel in 1940 when he mowed them down with almost ridiculous ease. But then the handsome man with the natural charm and bubbling wit was attracted by the clubhouse set and ignored the everlasting practice so necessary to golf stardom.

Before long he was steadily among the also-rans.

Then came the war and Jimmy served three and a half years in the Navy.

Back again, Jimmy hadn't lost that laugh, that ready smile, or that easy good nature. But somewhere, while in navy blue, he discovered the futility of burning the candle at both ends. It may have had something to do with the little daughter which came to his pretty wife, Idealla, during the dark days.

Anyhow, once out of the Navy Jimmy went back to the practice tee, and soon his name started moving up the list of finishers. Last year he was fourth.

Now he's back on top, head man at the pay-off window.

In his surge to the front again, Jimmy took the Tucson and St. Petersburg opens; finished second at Richmond, Calif., and in the Texas Open; won the Miami four-ball with Ben Hogan and then copped the coveted Masters Open to win or finish high up among all nine events in which he participated on the winter tour.

Demaret is another of those terrific Texans, men like Ralph Guldahl, Byron Nelson, Ben Hogan and Lloyd Mangrum, and there are those who claim that the laughing

boy from Houston could be the greatest of them all.

Shrieking attire is the hallmark of the absolutely uninhibited Jimmy. He has glaring sports coats of orange, yellow, and red. For each round he sports a different outfit, with gay jerseys and trousers of flaming hue.

No one else would have the nerve to wear them, but on Jimmy they look good.

So, too, does a golf game whose splendor matches his raiment.

Like the great Walter Hagen, Demaret is a wonderful bad-weather golfer who is at his best when a buffeting wind or a driving rain lashes the fairways and the greens. The meaner the weather, the hotter Jimmy scores, an unusual attribute in a southern golfer, while his frustrated fellow professionals wail into the wind:

"Demaret weather!"

And after each triumph the smiling Jimmy croons a happy locker-room song and modestly joshes his touring opponents instead of crediting his own skill.

"It's just that those old guys are coming unglued," chuckles the thirty-six-year-old Texan. "Youth is taking over, son, youth is taking over."

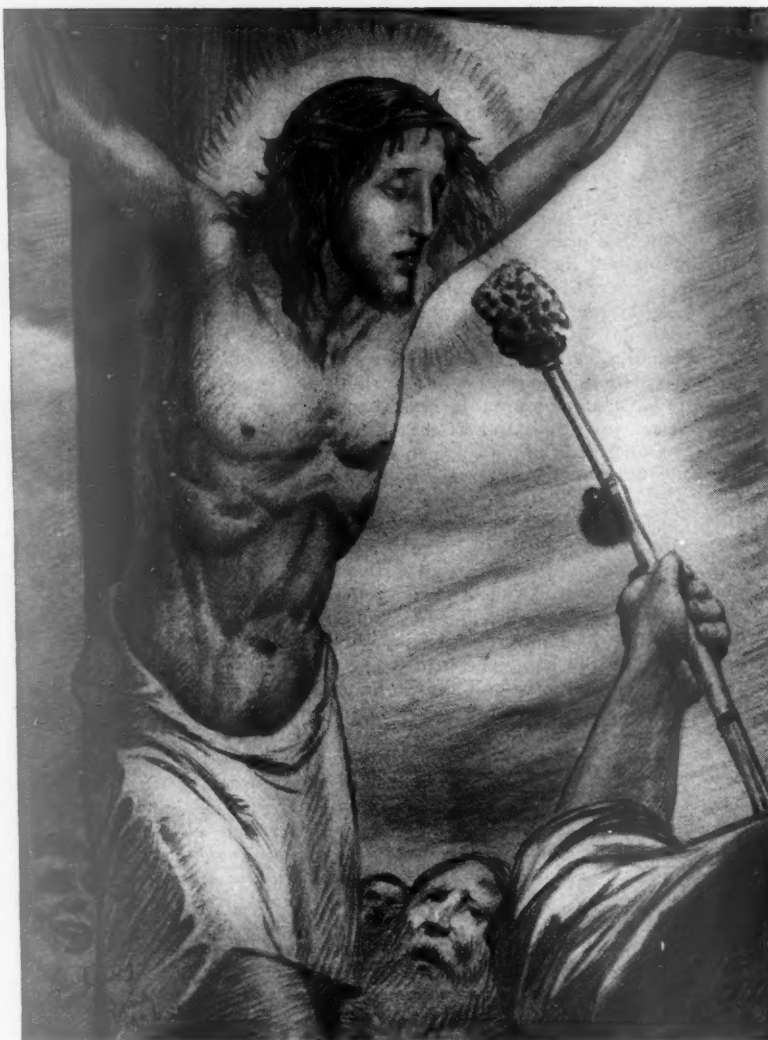
And his pretty wife smiles, too, and chimes in:

"Nice going, fat boy. Now we can buy baby a new pair of shoes."

Yes, the laughing boy is back. But while he keeps them smiling it is only natural that you can't expect his rivals to like it when he picks their pockets with a niblick.

—OSCAR FRALEY





"... One, running and filling a sponge with vinegar and putting it upon a reed, gave him to drink"

Christ's thirst on the cross was more than a mere physical thirst for water

THERE is something infinitely pathetic about the fifth word that Jesus spoke from the pulpit of His cross. Something almost unbecoming His dignity. Something as it were out of character, as though for the moment He ceased to appear in proper role. This was no man dying a criminal's death on the center cross. It is the eternal Son of God, the Lord of the universe, the Master of creation. Surely, not a whimperer for man's favors. A piteous beggar seeking the tiny respite that a cup of cool water might give to the burning fever consuming a pain-wracked body.

His previous words were majestic—the words of a God, indeed. They filled

men with admiration for His boundless charity in forgiveness; or inspired them with astonishment at the prodigality of reward a kindly justification on the part of a thief had won him; the thoughtfulness of the Saviour in providing a loving protector for His bereaved mother would be expected from such a dutiful Son; even the lament His extreme dereliction had wrung from His tortured soul was awe-inspiring and mysterious. But now from His cracked and swollen lips comes a plaintive plea that any mere man might have uttered. A plea that a strong man might have disdained to speak. For the voice of Jesus is heard saying, "I thirst."

We think of bubbling springs and babbling brooks scattered with generous profusion over the face of the earth. And mighty rivers and lakes. And cold, limpid waters coursing in underground channels ready to be tapped by man-made wells. And of waterholes in desert

"I Thirst"

By ALFRED DUFFY, C.P.

oases, kindly acts of concerned Providence. We imagine the ease with which the Almighty could cause a refreshing shower to fall soothingly on His Son's fevered body. Does not the gentle dew, God-sent, nurture the tiny blade of grass and nourish the forest flower? Yet heaven is closed to the need of its Maker. Its skies are lowering with heavy clouds and seared with bolts of lightning and filled with the dissonance of mighty thunder. There is only stern retribution for Christ on high. He must become a suppliant of man's favor.

A pattern had been set for human redemption. Its design had been fashioned by God Himself. Its details had been revealed throughout the centuries by the inspired words of prophets. And as one by one the various incidents of the sacred Passion had been enacted the sum total of the redemptive acts of the God-Man had been fulfilled.

All, save one. It had been written centuries previous by the Psalmist: "Thou knowest my reproach and my confusion and my shame. In thy sight are all they that afflict me; my heart hath expected reproach and misery. And I looked for one that would grieve together with me, but there was none, and for one that would comfort me, and I found none. And they gave me gall for my food, and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." No vinegar had yet been tasted. And it must be done. Such was the will of His Father, and so "Jesus knowing that all things were accomplished, that the Scriptures might be fulfilled, said, 'I thirst.'"

In very deed, Jesus did thirst. How long ago, it seemed, since He had last touched food or drink. It was in the supper room and He had been surrounded by His disciples. Then He had given them drink, His own most Precious Blood. But no one had thought of His needs since. His night captors had been too busy with their buffoonery to give thought to His bodily comfort. His enemies had been concerned to add to His tortures, not to alleviate them.

Our divine Lord had suffered physically to an uncommon degree. He had

begun His sacred Passion weakened by the horrors of His agony in Gethsemane and the copious loss of blood His sweat of anguish had occasioned. The scourging had taken an awful toll from his remaining strength and the quantity of blood He had lost during that dread punishment left His blessed body faint and weary with exhaustion. For nearly three hours on the cross, drop by drop as His blood trickled down to the ground from gaping wounds in His hands and feet, a burning fever consumed with relentless vigor His remaining vitality. But despite it all Jesus would have added the element of thirst gladly to the long list of His tortures and undergone its pain without complaint, had it not been that the will of His Father must be served. There is the additional humiliation of becoming a beggar for a drop of water.

ST. John and St. Matthew and St. Mark tell us how the request of Jesus was answered. His plea, "I thirst," had followed immediately His cry of spiritual dereliction, "*Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?*" This cry had been misunderstood by some of those remaining on Calvary, for "some who stood there and heard, said: This man calleth Elias." And as one of the soldiers decided to grant our Saviour's prayer, "I thirst," some others urged him, "Let be, let us see whether Elias will come to deliver him." But the soldier persisted in his good deed. "Now there was a vessel set there full of vinegar, and one running and filling a sponge with vinegar, and putting it upon a reed, gave him to drink."

Jesus tasted the drink. How its sharpness must have stung His lips and tongue! But at the same time it did give relief to the pain He endured, if in no other way than by causing a new sensation of suffering. But the soldier meant well. He did not consider the indelicacy of his act, using the dirty sponge that had wiped sweat and blood off the hands of the executioners. (A crucifixion was a messy job.) Little did that Roman realize as he pressed the sponge to the mouth of Jesus of Nazareth that he was the last man on earth to do a kindness to the Supreme Lord of the world, before He finished His sacrifice for the redemption of men. Little, too, did he dream how symbolic was his action and how well it represented the conduct of many souls.

Because the thirst of Jesus Christ on the cross was not merely a thirst for water. It was a thirst for the love and service of men, an all-consuming desire on the part of the Sacred Heart to encompass sinful and loving children in the sweet embrace of His own divine charity. To satisfy a craving for a cool drink the Lord was given vinegar; to

His deeper craving for the love of human hearts He is given by all too many the coldness and indifference of unconcern.

It is, indeed, strange to reflect that God does want human affection. That He desires it so much as to give command that man should love Him, with a whole heart and ready mind and generous will. It is only the understanding of this thirst for souls that makes comprehensible the entire Passion of the Son of God. He saw mankind, created in the image and likeness of the Godhead, gone astray, seeking its delights in evil, forgetful of its destiny, and with the awful doom awaiting it eternally—never-ending separation in abysmal Hell.

What an agony of mind it must have been to Christ to realize that even His death would be in vain for some souls! What an agony it would have been if He had known that His tortures were in vain for just one soul! But that is not the picture Jesus saw as He looked down through the ages. He saw His divine teaching rejected and His great love spurned by those who in their hearts and minds knew better. He had given mankind the benefit of His eternal truth, the wisdom of His divine mind,

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 ► A contented person is one who can enjoy the scenery along a detour.  
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had said of Himself, "I am the way and the truth and the life. No man cometh to the Father but by me." But so many in their foolishness would reject His way, His truth, His life, and set up for themselves false standards of moral conduct, inimical to His teaching, disastrous to personal holiness and eternal peace of soul. He had provided the pure, living waters of infallible guidance to nurture and sustain the life of the spirit, but men in their folly would refuse to drink of the wellspring of His doctrines, and as Jeremias had foretold, "My people have done two evils. They have forsaken me, the fountain of living water, and have digged to themselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water."

The picture that the future presented to the mind of Christ was not one of perfect beauty, unmarred by blemish, free from defect. It showed that even His life, His teaching, His death would be in vain for countless children of men. And how the heart of Christ thirsted that it might not be so!

But there was consolation for Jesus Crucified in the present and in the future. The little group of faithful ones gathered at the foot of His cross was a nucleus, a living cell of innocence and penitence that would increase and mul-

tiply in ever greater numbers throughout the centuries to come. It represented the good, the saints, the converted sinners of all ages. The agonizing Christ did see, "A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne, and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands. And they cried with a loud voice saying: Salvation to our God, who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb. . . . And they fell down before the throne upon their faces and adored God, saying: Amen. Benediction and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving, honor and power and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen." And this vision did slake the sacred thirst of Christ with the sweet-tasting waters of the holiness and virtues of His friends.

If puny man would only pause in the midst of his worldly pursuits and give thought to the tremendousness of the idea that God loves him, desires his friendship, and offers him the beatitude of eternal life for a few years of earthly fidelity, what a different kind of world the present life could be.

At the moment, mankind faces a crisis in civilization. There is a widening cleavage between the moral thought and teaching of Christ and sheer godlessness. To forsake Christ means to follow anti-christ. To adhere to anti-God doctrines is to fight God. Man has no choice of neutrality in this conflict. He is either with or against. With Christ, with God; against Christ, against God. If men and nations are unimpressed with the desire of Christ for their love, and what is worse, if mindful of it, they yet spurn it, theirs is the vinegar of hate or indifference once again pressed revoltingly against His Sacred lips.

WOULD that men today might catch the spirit of St. Augustine and lament with the great bishop of Hippo: "Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty so ancient, O Beauty so new, too late have I loved Thee. And behold Thou wert within, and I was abroad, and there I sought Thee; and deformed as I was, I ran after those beauties which Thou hast made. Thou went with me, and I was not with Thee; those things kept me far from Thee, which could have no being but in Thee. Thou hast called, Thou hast cried out, and hast pierced my deafness. Thou hast lightened and hast dispelled my blindness; Thou hast sent forth Thy fragrantcy, and I have drawn my breath, and pant after Thee; I have tasted Thee, and am hungry after Thee; Thou hast touched me, and I am all inflamed with the desire of Thy embraces."

Thirst after Christ would mean the millennium.



"ALBERT BRAZEL, wilt thou take..." Standing up there at the altar, with the black-robed priest in front of him, and the lace-gowned girl beside him, Al Brazel's head spun, and he thought dizzily that only when you die do your past experiences swim before your eyes.

Here he was, getting married to a wonderful girl, and he never thought he'd be here, today, looking at the priest and hearing him ask those questions.

Only a week ago Al had taken a trip into the big city to forget his girl, Trudy Bennett—who by collective consent of Crossroad's four hundred inhabitants was classed as his "childhood sweetheart"—and to find another girl more worthy of having him. He had felt like a fool, thinking that way about Trudy, but it was a feeling which had grown

upon him gradually these past months, and he couldn't shake it off.

Sometimes, when you live in a small, sleepy town like Crossroads, and see the same faces around you year after year, and even the girl to whom everybody else in town had you married before you even thought of it, you begin to feel that maybe there's something better somewhere else. Knowing Trudy

ever since they were both thumb-sized school children was like an emotional novocain to Al. He had become dulled to whatever qualities she possessed.

Sure, Trudy was okay. Maybe she was sweet and pretty. So were the town's other couple of dozen girls. Trudy was *Crossroads*. She was rut. And Al wanted something better than living in a rut.

So, chucking it all, he took a train

His Kind of Girl

by John M. Curry

Illustrated by Dom Lu



She was sitting, waiting quietly for something—or someone?—just waiting, maybe, for him

Albert was a young man with romantic ideas, but he couldn't find the kind of girl he dreamed of marrying. So fate took over and led him to her

you hope she has, but she hasn't. She's still there, sitting in a corner of the lobby, and you know she isn't a pickup—because, after all, that's what it would be, at first—well, because pickups just don't look like that.

And then you wonder just what makes her look different from an ordinarily pretty girl. From Trudy. It was her face, maybe, but what was in her face? Something spiritual, maybe. Something lonely and forgotten. Something that an ordinarily pretty girl doesn't have. Something that makes you sure she isn't—a pickup.

AL STAYED there awhile, trying to persuade himself to forget it because she certainly couldn't be walked up to and spoken to, but he couldn't. This was what he had come to New York for, and he wasn't going to back out now.

He had felt confident and carefree. Something was going to happen tonight which would last a lifetime. Surely in the big city there would be that one among a million for him. But now his confidence and well-being drained out of him as he stood in the lobby, nervously eyeing her, and he felt agitated and miserable. The wallet in his inside pocket with the thick sheaf of bills he'd brought with him for any eventuality which might arise, prodded into his chest like an accusing finger. She had certainly hit him in his weak spot. And dully, he wondered why.

Al was a good-looking young fellow, ambitious and aggressive enough and would have no trouble shouldering his way through to success in his career—whatever a Crossroads career could amount to. You know the kind of fellow: a quick mind, personality, leadership without arrogance.

And his being in New York tonight, his standing here in the lobby and looking at this girl, was the result of Al's affliction with an incurable idealism concerning the kind of girl he hoped would someday be his wife. There were plenty of pretty girls around the big town, and around Crossroads. Maybe they'd make good wives. They would make good showpieces. Al wanted both kinds in one. Trudy would be just a loving wife, that was all. No showpiece.

He did want a pretty girl because, after all, if you're going to sit across from a girl at the breakfast table for the

next fifty years, you want to have someone to look at. But for Al, a pretty girl was just the beginning.

She must also be *emotional*—a girl who could laugh easily and maybe cry easily, from happiness as much as from sadness, and be not afraid to do either. And be not an automaton like most of the girls he'd known. At least Trudy wasn't an automaton, but her giggling got on his nerves. The others never showed any emotion other than boredom.

And most of all, she'd be the kind of girl who, when listening to something like the *Symphony from the New World*, to its Largo, and hearing the throbbing, the crying, the heartache, the yearning of the violins which grip your very soul with their intensity and leave you shaking and weak, would have tears spring to her eyes, even as he was not ashamed to admit they had done to his.

She must also be *spiritual*—she will believe that there is God, and she will live according to His will. She will furnish the spiritual element in his life, not alone that of God, but also that of the woods and the fields, the sunset, the laughter of children, the peace and contentment of each other as well as the passion.

She must also be *inspirational*—and if she were emotional and spiritual, she would be inspiring. She would make him drive on to greater accomplishments because of her shining appreciation of what he had already accomplished. They would be in a little world of their own, ineffable, inspiring, Godlike, loving. True love, not the travesty of it which is so often mistaken for the real thing.

And the hell of it was, the very hell-on-earth of it was, that this girl sitting in a corner of the lobby was precisely the kind of girl he thought would be like that. The kind of girl he couldn't find in Crossroads. The kind of girl who took up where Trudy left off. That girl was for him.

He had often thought in the past, not only about what the girl would be like, but also how he would meet her. He'd thought about it, often bitterly, because he was now twenty-eight and so far there had been nobody except Trudy, and she was always there like a picture on the wall—attractive if you notice it, but after fifteen years you don't notice it.

into New York one evening, determined to let fate select a life partner for him.

It was difficult, when he saw the girl sitting in the hotel lobby into which he'd gone to get a pack of cigarettes. Only half an hour ago he'd stepped off the train, with an evening ahead of him, an evening to find adventure, and fate, and there in a chair in the lobby she sat. He knew this was it. She was the girl. The girl he'd been looking for. So suddenly, too! It left him a bit weak in the stomach. It presented difficulties.

You see the girl sitting there, and something hits you in the heart, and then you wonder what to do. You fumble with the cigarettes, jab one in your mouth and light it. Then you look over once again, just to see if she's gone, and

CHILDREN'S MASS

By Frances M. Miller

A rustling in the wooden pews
Like wind among the pine,
Smooth curls, unruly cowlicks,
Young eyes that gravely shine,
A poignant hush, the Word made Flesh,
The Sanctus bell's clear ringing,
And childish voices raised in prayer
As sweet as angels' singing.

APPLE BLOSSOMS OF THE MARINES

By Naomi Gilpatrick

Waves waken in the windy night:
Foam petals dashed on cliff of leaves.
A morning tide of fragrance heaves,
Storming a cross-bare branch with White
And Christ descends—like flower the Host—
At dawn in His own excellence
To dark-tower watchers along the fence
Till each one beacons from the coast.
Will green fruit mellow only after
It breathes but of the Petal's smell?
What rumored grace is yet to well
Ripe under leaves of rising laughter?

And sometimes he'd think, in his loneliness and his dreams, "Someday she'll come—out of the future or out of the past, out of the alien lonely hills of the unknown, out of the blackness of oblivion, she'll come, sweet and simple and smiling. Someday I'll see her. There *must* be a someday like that. Maybe it will be in a church with the lights through the transepts making a silken halo of her hair; maybe just a glimpse as she passes by; maybe even on the street. But somewhere, somehow, I'll see her, and then I'll know for sure . . ."

THEN his heart would ache at his foolishness because dreams were dreams, and suppose he did pass her by on the street, what then? It was his dream, not hers, and you couldn't approach her and tell her you've been dreaming of her, because maybe you'd wind up in a straitjacket.

Now, still standing by the cigar counter in the hotel's lobby, Al told himself to get away from there. His brain told his feet to move, but they wouldn't move away from her and they wouldn't

move toward her. She hadn't noticed him yet; to her, he was nonexistent, so there had been no divine spark which might light up her face when she might glance at him.

He had the uncomfortable, dreamlike feeling that he was doomed to stay there implanted, unable to move for all the years to come, while girls like her passed before his eyes, passed in and out of his life never to return, laughing at him and mocking, then turning to their own men, forgetting him. . . .

When he had made up his mind that he was either going to speak to the girl or die in the attempt, he became conscious of a surge of strength to his will. He tried to think of what would be best to say to her.

She was still there, a tiny girl with long, black velvet hair which tumbled down to her small shoulders. Sitting there, dressed well, dressed in red-and-black, with large dark eyes and slightly parted warm red lips between which was a flash of pure white, everything seemed to be of perfection. The complexion, unmarred, the look of her face,

of simplicity and sweetness, the dress covering her knees, the stockings with straight seams, the girl herself, a goal, a pure goal, a happy one, an inspiring one. If only he knew for sure. He had to know for sure.

The lobby swayed around him. Al felt like a fool. He was sure he was one. Everybody looked at him. Were they laughing? He thought they were. He wanted nothing so much as to hide, to go away, to run, quick, fast, to get out of there to safety, to freedom—yes, but to Trudy, then, and never to peace of mind.

He realized he'd never have peace of mind if he didn't make an attempt, so, taking a deep breath, and then a deeper one, trying to control his trembling, cursing himself, trying to appear and to act like the man he hoped to show her he was, he approached the armchair in which she was sitting, waiting quietly and gently for something—or someone?—just waiting, maybe for him. And then he spoke to her.

AFTERWARD, he didn't remember what he had said to the girl. He did remember that he tried to be calm, to be cool, to keep his voice heavy and masculine, but it had been slightly ragged, and he had gulped, and he had swallowed, and he had shown himself to be anything but manly. And he remembered that she had smiled at him.

It was a lovely smile and a warm one, and it hit him like a swallow of raw whiskey would hit an exhausted man. He was revived. He had survived at least for the moment. He had passed the first great obstacle. They could talk to each other, and even if he did find out she wasn't his kind of girl, he could go away and not have regrets which otherwise would taunt him for years afterward that here in this lobby, at this time, he had had the opportunity of a lifetime and hadn't the guts to follow it up.

He remembered after that he had tried to explain things to her, that he didn't usually try to meet girls this way, but that there she was, he saw her, and he couldn't help it.

"And, oh, you know," he said, "plenty fellows have lines and lines but don't think this is one of them because it isn't."

And she smiled again, warm again and shy this time, impelling, tender, drawing him to her and making him want to say, "Oh, can't you see it? Hasn't it hit you? This is it. This is it, darling!"

When his mind had cleared somewhat and he'd taken hold of himself, he heard her saying that a girl doesn't usually like to be spoken to like this, but that somehow it seemed all right, and at the present time she could see no harm in it.

because maybe they would begin to like each other. It's possible, isn't it? she asked him softly. And what he really wanted to say he didn't dare to, *now*.

And you know how talk speeds on in such cases, speeds on without limit, without thought, faster and farther than light, and he found her telling him among other things that she had come to New York with her brother for a short visit because they'd never been here before and naturally they were curious, but that they weren't going to stay, and in a day or two they'd be going back.

And when he asked her where she lived, he held his breath because she might say something like San Diego, California, and he hoped she'd say something like Poughkeepsie or maybe Danbury. She did say near Troy, something like Poestenskill, which was better than an in-between compromise, and he began figuring auto routes and wondering what train schedules there were from Crossroads to Poestenskill.

Their talk raced on. Al learned about her and she about him, and time passed. They learned of each other's hopes and ambitions, plans and dreams; of the many small things which don't amount to much and yet somehow mean so much to two people like that. He told her that he, too, was in New York only for a visit, and they laughed at their being two country pygmies among the city giants.

It was still early and all the evening lay ahead for them. There were things to do and places to see together. But it was not so much the doing or the seeing which mattered. To Al it was their being together that mattered, and nothing else. And Al laughed, and told her that he didn't even know her name yet.

Sheila Jordan was her name.

"And mine's Al Brazel. Pleased to meet you."

Both laughed, gay, carefree, a little emotionally, a little hysterically perhaps, the laughter that Al realized comes with happiness. The laughter of abandon, of the mind's release from a solitary destiny.

When it had passed by she told him that before they went out to dance, or to walk, or to sit somewhere and talk—it didn't matter to Sheila—he should meet her brother, George. George was upstairs in their suite, resting after their long trip by train, while Sheila had come down to the lobby just to watch the crowd. And, Al thought delightedly, good thing you did.

"You'll like George," she said to him as they went up. "He's like you in a lot of ways, Al. You see, he's looking for the same kind of girl you are, and he's very particular about the kind of man I meet."

Then she laughed again, the sound of



Then the darkness closed in, deeply, thickly, and he knew no more

which was so quick, so spontaneous and musical that it reminded Al of the Largo and the violins except in a different, less sad way.

When Sheila brought Al in, her brother shook hands with him, grinned, and cordially invited Al to sit down. And both young men got acquainted.

GEORGE, nice looking with a solid physique, was slightly taller than Al, who was tall himself. As they talked, George describing his impressions of the big town and saying that after this visit they'd be glad to get back to a smaller place where everybody knew everybody, Al felt the dreamlike feeling returning again, except that this time it was a nicer dream. His finding this girl, his dream girl, his overcoming his fears in speaking to her, he felt that now there was that deeper meaning to life. Love. Passion. And—emotion, spiritualism, and inspiration.

He saw himself on the altar with Sheila. He saw himself taking her in his arms, and he found the thought to be sweet to the mind.

As they chatted easily, friendlily, Al would steal a glance now and then at Sheila, and she would steal one back, and after one of those mutual thefts they forgot George was in the room, and knew only that each other existed, in the whole world. . . .

" . . . Gertrude Bennett, here present, for thy lawful wife, according to the Rite of our Holy Mother the Church?"

As from a great distance Al heard the voice of the priest speaking. He replied quickly, "I will." . . .

Dimly, with a great hurt, a physical hurt going through him, Al saw a new look come into Sheila's eyes, one which he had not seen before and which he did not comprehend.

But he had no time to think about it because the room exploded with flashes of orange and white lights, very bright lights, dazzling lights, and long snakes of purple lightning, and shooting stars, and then the darkness closed in, deeply, thickly, and then he knew no more.

He did not hear George say to the girl he had known as Sheila, "Frisk him, Jane."

He did not hear George say, as he was going through his wallet, "Wow! A thick roll it there ever was one. Let's go, kid. That was a terrific act you put on. Gets 'em every time."

He did not hear the girl he had known as Sheila, looking back at him as she followed the man out the door, snarl "Sucker!" . . .

The same question was repeated to the girl standing beside Al, and as the priest intoned the ritual, Al glanced at Trudy through the corner of his eye, and found that the corner of Trudy's eye was likewise occupied.

A great happiness welled up in his heart and almost overflowed from his eyes. He wondered why he had ever thought Trudy was such a plain girl. She wasn't, really.



Master-eye clients and dogs in a hotel lobby during training period

Providing guide dogs for the blind is but one of Bishop Sheil's many activities on behalf of the handicapped

Light for the Blind

By JEAN LAWRIE HOLZHAUER

IN Mexico City today, a young man is making a comfortable income as a salesman of stocks and bonds, although he is totally blind.

In a Chicago high school, a girl student carries a full load of academic work and maintains a straight "A" average in all her courses. She too is blind—the first sightless student to be admitted to a Catholic high school in her city.

A blind merchant carries on business transactions throughout the city of Colorado Springs, Colo., supporting his wife and two children by operating a grocery store.

At Marquette University, Milwaukee, a young woman teaches as a full professor in the philosophy department and makes frequent lecture trips to neighboring cities, although she, too, is sightless.

Each of these people is guided in his daily activities by a Master Eye German Shepherd dog, obtained through Bishop Bernard J. Sheil's new program for the blind in connection with the La Salle Kennels in Minneapolis. They are four of thirty-six persons supplied with guide dogs since the Bishop's plan was incorporated as the Master Eye Foundation in April, 1945.

Well known for his work as founder and director of the Catholic Youth Organization in Chicago, Bishop Sheil has organized activities for young people in the fields of religion, education, recreation, and social service the country over. Through the years, he had become increasingly conscious of one major lack: the Church in the United States had no program for its blind youth, except in local and unorganized instances.

Attracted by publicity accorded by the late Alexander Woolcott to the famed "Seeing Eye" dogs of Morristown, N. J., Bishop Sheil found on inquiry that although the plan was fairly successful, the cost of the dogs and their training was prohibitive for many blind young people. For a while he considered various ways of making such a service available to a larger clientele. Then he heard of La Salle Kennels in Minneapolis, and his dark, sympathetic eyes gleamed.

"This time," he told his CYO colleagues in Chicago, "I think we've got it."

La Salle Kennels had been operated in Minneapolis since 1925 by a Russian Jew named Jack Sinykin. Deeply interested in the problems of the sightless, Sinykin was accused early in his career of trying to exploit them by competition with the better-known Seeing Eye Foundation. His reaction to the charge was to avoid all forms of advertising and publicity. For twenty years he worked at improving and enlarging his guide dog service, but so quietly that he attracted only a fraction of the notice given to Morristown.

Sinykin's interest in dogs dates from the first World War. During that war he had studied reports on Shepherds trained by the German Army for work on the battlefield and was impressed by their intelligence. As an experiment, he imported a few of them to Minnesota.

He trained the dogs at home, where they learned to serve as guardians for his infant sons and watchdogs for the household in general. So gentle and docile were the animals that one of them would carry the baby's bottle to

him at feeding time and hold it motionless while the baby lay on a pillow on the floor and drank his formula.

"If dogs will do that," Sinykin reasoned, "there must be other peacetime services they can perform."

He found the answer in a train trip through the Midwest. On the train and later, in the station, he witnessed the helpless difficulties of a fellow traveler. The man was blind, and despite a cane and the occasional assistance of passers-by had an agonizing time finding his way through the crowds.

Sinykin thought of his dogs. Many times he had seen them patiently guide the faltering steps of the babies at home. As soon as he returned to Minneapolis he organized a new course of training for them: one which would turn them into companions and guides—"eyes" for sightless masters.

One of the first dogs, appropriately named "Lux," he sent to the late Senator Thomas D. Schall of Minnesota. The blind senator took a course of instruction from Sinykin in the handling of his dog, and thereafter until the dog's death relied on Lux to lead him in campaign tours, vacations, and all public and private activities.

Lux died of a broken heart after five days' separation from his master, when the senator found it impossible to take the dog with him on a business trip. So grateful was Schall for Lux's service that he eulogized the dog in a speech before the United States Senate. The eulogy was included in the *Congressional Record*, and Sinykin received his first—and only—national publicity to date.

The La Salle Kennels' policy differs in



Doctor Wien, professor of philosophy at Marquette, and her guide-dog

two major ways from that of the Seeing Eye Foundation. In the first place, Sinykin breeds all of his own dogs. Seeing Eye buys most of theirs.

It is Sinykin's belief that the true German Shepherd breed possesses the qualities requisite for guiding the blind—gentleness, tractability, and a high degree of devotion to duty—and that these qualities can be intensified by careful breeding. He selects only the best of each new litter for training. The other puppies are sold as pets, breed dogs, or show dogs.

Secondly, Sinykin does not charge his blind clients for more than the cost of the dogs themselves. There are no extra charges for either the training of the dog or the training of the client.

Sinykin has steadfastly refused to serve organizations exploiting the blind. More than once he has hired auditors to check the books of groups purporting to sponsor sightless applicants for one of the La Salle dogs. If the auditors find evidence that organization funds are being used for purposes other than to assist the blind, the trainer finds that no dog is available for them.

Dogs selected for training are put through a two-year course as intensive as any given to a pilot for Uncle Sam's Air Corps. Chosen for their courage, faithfulness, and intelligence, the dogs must be taught to distinguish such subtleties as a comparison of their own height with the height of persons they will guide. They must learn to consider their masters, not themselves. They must recognize obstacles under which they may pass with complete safety, but which might hurt or maim their masters, such

as low awnings overhanging the sidewalk.

They must also learn concentration in the midst of noise and distractions like those they will meet in guiding their masters across intersections teeming with traffic. They must be taught to solve difficulties which they have never experienced. Always, their training stresses the fact that the dogs must guard their masters as well as guide them.

Impossible as it seems, the dogs trained at La Salle Kennels have never failed in their complicated tasks. No blind persons guided by them have come to harm, though one dog lost his life in pushing his master from the path of an oncoming car.

The process which transforms a yipping, scrapping puppy to a responsible, efficient guide dog is one requiring endless hours of patient instruction. Sinykin himself supervises the training of every dog, but is aided in his work by a staff of experts including two of the sons who, as babies, were the La Salle dogs' first charges.

The 50-acre grounds at the Kennels include an "obstacle course" where dogs as well as clients must learn the elements of co-operation. Puppies' training begins as soon as they are old enough to understand a command. They are taught to respond to orders, first, then fitted with harnesses and leashes and taught to lead their masters down straight and winding pathways, up and down steps, through swinging gates and around sand pits and trenches, and eventually, of course, through metropolitan traffic.

Their training completed, the dogs are prepared to guide under any conditions bar one: they are not to be expected to perform for unsuitable or incompatible masters. Clients, therefore, are just as carefully selected as the dogs. Arriving at La Salle Kennels, they are introduced immediately to Sinykin but not to the dogs. For a week they visit with the trainer while he explores, in his easy, conversational way, their personal tastes and habits and, insofar as possible, their activities and living conditions.

"Gosh!" a blind boy from New York said, after his first audience with Sinykin. "He found out more about me than I ever told anyone, and I hardly knew he was doing it until it was all over!"

The purpose of all this visiting, of course, is to discover how well the applicants are likely to get along with their dogs. Some clients have been rejected, always with regret, by Sinykin, who explains it to them this way:

"There are some people who just can't get along with any dog. We couldn't guarantee your safety if we gave you one of our Shepherds just now. Maybe in a year or two, if you'll apply again. . . ."

Rejects are not always made on a personality evaluation. Sometimes an applicant will be admirably suited to own a dog—gentle, considerate of animals' welfare, well balanced—but simply not physically strong enough to control a dog by the harness system that Master Eye trainers use. These people are turned away with extreme reluctance by Sinykin. He is trying to think of ways to make the handling of dogs possible for the crippled or physically weak.

It is not necessary, he points out, for prospective clients to be "crazy about dogs." Many men and women successfully served by Master Eye had only the most casual interest in pets of any kind before coming to Sinykin. They usually become deeply attached to their guide dogs, though, and in a very short time.

Once accepted by the trainers, after their week of interviews, the clients are introduced to the dogs. This is often a dramatic moment. More than one girl client has cried, realizing that the introduction means the beginning of a new life.

Sinykin tries to match the personalities of dog and client. Thus a handsome young man affecting ascots, flashy sports jackets, and theatrical ambitions, got a blond female Shepherd with a tendency to pose in profile for audiences of her own. The high-school girl in Chicago was given a serious, businesslike animal who attends strictly to her job and saves her frolicsome moods for "after school."

All clients undergo the same basic

PRAYER FOR A SON

By Louis Hasley

Lord, I can do without a boy.
The girls you sent us have been apple sweet,
Voices ever in song or cry or laughter,
And they have bells upon their glancing feet.
Lord, I can do without a boy.

Lord, girls are just as good as boys.
True, they can't run so fast or hike so far;
They'll bait their hook until they enter high school
And they have little sense to drive a car.
Yet girls are good as boys.

Lord, girls are good as gold.
But I can do without too large a hoard.
Two menfolk in a house could get a hearing
Where one is all too easily ignored—
Though girls are good as gold.

Lord, I can do without a boy.
Surely a boy might grieve me night and day.
There's plenty of room to think about Saint Joseph
And how his lad was needed for the Way.
Lord, it is yours to say.

training: two weeks beginning with walks on the "obstacle course" at the Kennels. The course covers several acres, and when they have mastered it they are informed that this is "only the beginning."

Turned loose on the highway passing the Kennels, the clients have their first experience with traffic. For several days they, and their dogs, dodge automobiles, trucks, bicycles, and wagons, traveling at various rates of speed both ways on the road.

"We walk," as one girl put it, "and we walk, until we can't take another step. Then we walk some more."

That part of their training accomplished, the clients face their last and most difficult test. In groups, sometimes with Sinykin and sometimes without him, they make excursions into nearby Minneapolis and St. Paul. There they go shopping, attend concerts, meet friends for luncheon and dinner in the several large restaurants and hotels, and face every hazard that normal metropolitan life offers, including elevators, escalators, and revolving doors.

Little by little they gain confidence in themselves and their dogs, until at last they are striding along as freely, and often as quickly and gracefully, as their companions with normal vision.

Sinykin's "pupils" are familiar sights in the two cities, and restaurant managers and hotel staffs are on the lookout,

ready to accord them any services required. They are instructed, however, that no special assistance is to be offered unless absolutely necessary. The clients must preserve their sense of independence and learn how it feels to be entirely "on their own."

A college professor recently equipped with a Master Eye dog remarked that for the first time in his life he knows what it means to feel really free.

"Bishop Sheil suggested that I buy a guide dog ten years ago," he said. "I refused. I had a notion that dogs merely attract attention to the fact that one is blind, and I wanted to avoid that at all

costs. I didn't know until I finally got a Master Eye dog how wrong my attitude was."

The hardest part of the training, Sinykin says, is the first few weeks of adjustment when the client has returned home with his dog. Here there is no competent trainer to turn to for advice, no voice of authority that the dog has learned over a period of months to respect and obey.

One girl reported that for the first week her dog leaped to attention every time he heard a male voice. "He was thinking of Jack, wishing he was there," she said. "Sometimes I wished so, too."

The period is quickly over, however. The dogs settle down to their new lives and learn to love their new masters as devotedly as they did their trainer. Sinykin, of course, can always be reached by mail, and often keeps in touch with his clients for years, offering advice and suggestions in the handling of their dogs.

It is Bishop Sheil's plan to continue the service, directed by Sinykin, exactly as it has been, but to raise funds to facilitate the serving of many more blind young people and to make the young people aware of the service. The funds are being raised through private donation to the Master Eye Foundation, which is "pledged to do its utmost to assure the fact that every blind youth in America capable of utilizing a guide dog is afforded the opportunity of obtaining one."

Bishop Sheil has already begun his personal work for the Foundation, as head of the newly appointed Board of Directors. He has found several candidates for guide dogs from his own list of friends and acquaintances, and constantly stresses the point that the service is available to all without regard for color, race, or creed.

That, the Foundation thinks, is the best way to achieve its end: "To Light the Way for Youth Who Walk in Darkness."

Slow But Sure

► In his snug little parlor the old clergyman was pointing out to a little company of his parishioners the manifest virtue of industry and application as opposed to mere cleverness.



"Now, ye take the McNab brothers, for instance," he explained. "Jock was a clever, handsome chiel. Harry was a fine, plodding worker. The clever lad was left behind in the race for life. The worker was able to leave his widow over sixty thousand pounds."

And then the minister's matter-of-fact wife spoiled it all by observing: "Ay, that is true. And I heard yesterday that the bright lad is going to marry the widow."

Wall St. Journal



Black Star photos

Czarist exiles in Manchuria clung for years to their old way of life. Now they are being "converted" to Communism

A priest of the Orthodox Church prepares for a wedding. The Russians are eager to win support of the exiled clergy

Czarist Exiles

By GEORGE MOORAD

WINSTON CHURCHILL'S classic description of Russia is "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." This phrase only begins to describe Soviet foreign policy: how an isolationist nation, whose own borders are hermetically sealed, is at the same time launched upon the greatest imperialist adventure of this century. It is not necessary to be anti-Soviet to recognize this fact, for it can be reasonably argued that Russia's course was predestined by the collapse of capitalist democracies all around her. But there can be no doubt that the Kremlin is irrevocably committed to this fascinating paradox.

How can the Kremlin do this? The Red Army is large and strong, but soldiers alone are not empire builders. Since the time of Rome, empires have existed by thoughtful mixtures of force and ideas, and the liberal infiltration of tradesmen, opium salesmen, teachers, propagandists, and capital investments. But this implies the free passage of loyal empire salesmen or fifth columnists in and out of the mother country, which is the last thing the hermits of the Kremlin

could allow. So they are making tools from Czarist refugees, who for thirty years have hated Communism. Ironically, they make excellent servants for the Soviet Union.

The most brilliant example of this Soviet strategy is found in the Orient. China, the Philippines, Malaya, and even Japan are honeycombed with Czarist exiles who are potential or active fifth columnists. They are well integrated with the economic life and social patterns of the country, usually much more so than American or British settlers. They have had to live on a basis of equality with the natives and know the language. Quite often they intermarry and sometimes become citizens. Now they are ready for their mission, and

Russia—with the benign consent of American and British authorities—is hastening to bring them within the fold as loyal Soviet citizens.

Perhaps loyal is not the word. Unlike the English planter of Malaya who dreams in the tropic heat of retiring to the peace of Devonshire, the Russian exile has little but fear and bitter memories of his homeland. For those who fled were the cream of Czarist society: the aristocracy, petty bourgeoisie, merchants, officers, and intellectuals. Their friends and families were robbed and shot or disenfranchised by the Bolsheviks, and there is scarcely an adult Russian in the Orient who cannot recall with fright and horror the long march across Siberia. One of my friends in Shanghai, who has just become a Soviet citizen, can remember how his mother was shot down as she struggled across the border with her children. This man now works for *Tass*, the official Soviet news agency, and is one of their most eloquent apologists. He was educated on a scholarship in the American School in Shanghai. He understands us.

The Far East is honeycombed with Czarist exiles who are being used by the Soviets as fifth columnists

Indeed, loyal is not the word. Nearly 200,000 refugees streamed down into China in 1920-21, nursing their hatred of Communism and trying to reconstruct in a strange land some memories of home. Some joined the White Guards of Admiral Kolchak and the mad Baron Ungern von Sternberg, trying repeatedly and vainly to reconquer Siberia. They reconstructed their Orthodox churches, opened restaurants and cabarets in the old Russian style. Merchant princes became peddlers; bluebloods became doormen and musicians and pimps; officers became bodyguards for Chinese gangsters and mercenaries for war lords. Their comely blond women had usually a choice between prostitution, the cabarets, or dressmaking.

LIFE was kinder to the second generation. In twenty years of struggle—on the eve of Pearl Harbor—the White Russians of China had achieved a place for themselves. Some had become successful businessmen; others were employed by the international settlements of Tientsin and Shanghai, still more technicians and professional men worked for the Chinese government. Their children, speaking English, French, and Chinese from babyhood, usually found places with the international banking and trading firms. Having survived the cruelties of Asiatic economy, they were prepared for almost anything.

In only one respect, apparently, the White Russians had not changed: their hatred of Soviet Russia. In Manchuria the Japs had no trouble finding recruits for a White Guard regiment which was going to spearhead the attack on Siberia. Shanghai had its Nazi-sponsored Ukrainian separatist movement, and when Hitler treacherously struck the USSR in June 1941, only a handful of Russians joined in a British-American demonstration. Japan was not yet in the war, so this reluctance was not caused by fear.

When, by the almost unbelievable invitation of President Roosevelt at Yalta, Russia regained and extended her old Czarist influence in the Orient, she had three alternatives in dealing with the White Russians. She could liquidate them; ignore them and leave them festering against her; or she could convert and use them. And so, by a sweeping decree of the Supreme Soviet on February 2, 1946, blanket citizenship was extended to:

"Persons who on November 7, 1917, were subjects of the former Russian Empire, including those who served in the White Russian armies and emigrated from the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, their children, as well as persons who were formerly citizens of the USSR but had lost their citizenship."

The price of citizenship was 11 rubles (90 cents at the diplomatic exchange or

about 40 cents at the open market rate). But more persuasion was necessary, and the Soviets quickly demonstrated their generosity when, out of perhaps 100,000 hostile refugees in Manchuria, the Red Army seized and shot or deported only about 100, including the fanatic anti-Bolshevik General Anton Semenov and his closest aides. The exiles as a whole were promised a share in the loot of Manchuria, first choices of Japanese and Chinese businesses and housing, and employment on the railways and other industries which the Soviets seized by virtue of the Yalta agreement.

Understandably enough, there was little sales resistance in Manchuria, where citizenship cards were hawked by persuasive squads of Red Army soldiers, but the campaign went slowly in Shanghai and North China until it was made clear that new citizens would not have to return to Russia. The Soviet authorities did not say that *auslander* citizenship would permit the holder to return to Russia, if he desired. It was enough to say he did not have to. The Soviet news agency charged that "reactionary circles" were trying to frighten away their prospects. Said Tass:

"One must add here that anti-Soviet propaganda has it that all those applying for Soviet citizenship simply must return to the USSR, and those who refuse to move will be forced to do so. This is evil nonsense."

Citizenship picked up rapidly after this final assurance, and long queues of emigrés formed outside the gaunt gray Soviet consulate along Soochow Creek. Not only the second generation, but their dubious elders joined the parade. A white-bearded officer from the Czar's imperial lancers turned over a battle flag



A Russian exile during military training

he had guarded for twenty-eight years. The aged Bishop John, a steadfast anti-Soviet priest, was forced out of the blue-domed cathedral he had built in Shanghai, and his place was taken by another who recognized the leadership of Patriarch Alexei in Moscow. The famous Imperial Russian Officers Club closed its doors, and the new Soviet Club quickly became an institution.

Within three weeks of the Moscow decree, a new Soviet propagandist, who was quickly remodeled from an anti-Bolshevik poet, declared:

"Thousands upon thousands of newly born Soviet citizens are determined to return to their home country. However, it is estimated in Shanghai there are still a few hundred old buffaloes who stubbornly cling to their old ideas and cannot grasp the meaning and essence of things happening around them.

"Thus, Mr. Bologov, chairman of the Russian Emigrants Committee, declined the invitation to be present at the film on the election of the Patriarch of All the Russias. He is said to be an ardent champion of the White cause. The strange thing is, however, that no one knows whom he wants to represent and who wishes to support him, for he found no supporters among foreigners or the remaining old buffaloes among the Russian community who prefer to avoid publicity and live calmly and silently in their lonesome flats."

AMONG my Russian acquaintances in Shanghai, one man who was used by the Japanese is now a leading Soviet citizen, while a highly intelligent woman, who formerly wrote for American and British newspapers, was also preparing for the step. She said it was the most offensive thing she had ever done, and I asked then why she was doing it. She shrugged hopelessly:

"Where can I go? Can you give me American citizenship?"

America and Britain have in fact closed the last door of hope on Russian emigrés. Formerly some were able to escape and travel on Nansen passports or certificates from the White Russian Emigrants Association, and on these authorities marriages with British, Americans, and other foreigners were legalized by the respective consulates. Now there is apparently a Big Three understanding which cancels out the right of refuge, because certificates from the Emigrants Association are no longer recognized and a Russian, whether or not he accepts Soviet citizenship, is required to have the approval of Soviet authorities before he can leave China or marry with a foreigner.

Apparently this is one of the unpublished Big Three understandings, for it was discovered in China only last summer when the editor of the leading Brit-

ish newspaper proposed to marry the daughter of a former Czarist diplomat. The Britisher was informed by his consulate and by the rector of the Church of England that his marriage would not be recognized by passport authorities unless the Soviet consul, Nicholas S. Ananiev, gave his approval. The girl was not a Soviet citizen and did not propose to become one, fearing Ananiev would refuse to sanction the marriage in any event.

Finally, the Chinese Government is neither inclined nor able to offer protection or similar advantages to the Russian exiles. Formerly they were not anxious to have them as citizens, and now China fears to offend the powerful Soviet Union by offering haven to anti-Communists. Until now, depending upon their proximity to the Russian frontier, the emigrés have had some degree of choice in swearing Soviet fealty, but with each month Anglo-American influence is slackening and the shadow of the Kremlin is deepening over Asia.

The Soviets employ their empire builders in a variety of ways. During the looting and stripping of Manchuria, they were used as engineers in the dismantling of factories and delicate machinery and as interpreters to the gangs of Japanese and Chinese slave labor. Then they were employed on the railways and in subsidiary industries, over which the Russians gained 50 per cent control by treaty and seized the other 50 per cent by force. Finally, on the still undeveloped theory of trade with China and America, the Soviets imported some of their new citizens from Shanghai and gave them exclusive trading rights in Dairen. There is a steamship company, for example, whose head office is in Seattle and whose ships fly the American flag—at least part of the time. One owner is a naturalized American, his brother-partner is a Soviet citizen who handles the business in the Orient. Such partnerships have obvious advantages, for the Red Army still declines to allow American or Chinese firms to re-enter Manchuria and claim their properties.

THESE new citizens, who have spent most of their lives in the perversions and luxuries of the capitalist world, are carefully watched and directed by home-grown Bolsheviks. The NKVD, secret police, and forceful directors of the Soviet trading monopolies are always behind the door. The gauleiter of Manchuria, who runs the affairs of Amtorg Trading Society, is a personable young man named Anatoli Solodovnikov. During part of the war he was in charge of Russian lend-lease headquarters in Portland, Oregon, and he admires the northwest country almost as much as he likes American clothes and cigarettes. Anatoli told me he saw no

reason why our two countries should fight over China. He said seriously:

"China must be rescued from her present dishonorable condition. We will run Manchuria, and you have North China. No?"

The duties of Soviet citizenship are somewhat different within China proper, for here the Kremlin's problem is to wipe out American influence, erase the National Government of China, and substitute an obedient Communist regime. The first and in fact the only essential to this plan is to secure the removal of all American troops and advisory groups. They expect to do this by propagandizing the Chinese against us and by propagandizing us against the Chinese while creating and assisting in the chaos and disunity which is a normal part of China.

Whether by their efforts or the natural sequence of events, the newly adopted Soviet citizens deserve the Stalin Medal for a job well done. When Japan surrendered, the network of White Russian newspapers in the larger cities of China did a jigtime job of throwing out pro-Japanese material and substituting anti-American propaganda. Three radio sta-

▶ Shouting is the effort of a limited mind to express itself.

—MAGAZINE DIGEST

tions in Tientsin and Shanghai came out with the same line of attack, broadcasting in Chinese, Russian, English, and German under the label "Voice of the Soviet Union."

The program was at least comprehensive; it missed no opportunity to arouse ill will. Only two weeks after Shanghai was liberated, in the middle of rejoicing and inevitable excess, the Russian *Daily News* headlined:

"American sailors smash bars, rob restaurant keepers, take away money and whisky, and are not punished."

A few days later, their top story read: "Our dear guests brought to Shanghai extreme high cost of living."

The next day the same paper announced:

"American trucks squash Shanghai people in streets."

(This was an accident, it later developed, which involved a Chinese army vehicle but no Americans.)

The official Soviet agency, Tass, was reasonably objective, but the White Russian publications consistently portrayed to the Chinese that American soldiers and sailors were drunkards, thieves, and hooligans. Unfortunately there was enough rowdiness and general confusion to puzzle the ordinarily quiet and law-abiding Chinese but by no means enough to justify a vicious series of cartoons published by the Russian *New Day*.

The *New Day* first ran a strip of pictures showing American army vehicles smashing down the street, leaving dead Chinese civilians in a gruesome wake. The final panel showed a rat diving into its hole, with the explanation that to be a good G.I. driver one must have an "insufficient conscience." The next day's cartoon showed an American sailor weaving down the street with nine empty whisky bottles at his feet and two more in his hands. The next offering pictured an American soldier making violent love to a Chinese girl in a rickshaw.

THE campaign became a frenzy during demobilization, the days of "I wanna go home." Chinese Communists and new Soviet citizens joined in this project: the Chinese sponsored mass meetings to urge all Americans to leave, jeered and spat on uniformed men, chalked signs on U.S. army offices and vehicles reading "Go back to your sweet home." The White Russian newspapers meanwhile broke out headlines:

"U. S. autos kill helpless Chinese civilians.

"Ko Chou Godown Robbed by U. S. Naval Officers.

"Why Do American Troops Remain in China?"

No attempt was ever made by Americans or the jittery Chinese authorities to halt this stream of poison. On the contrary, General Albert Wedemeyer, his successor, and even the customarily aloof General George C. Marshall received the new Soviet reporters without prejudice and patiently answered or tried to answer questions, rumors, innuendo, and patent lies. The shrill campaign against the United States continued while the Red Army, working behind its Manchurian curtain, silently looted and ruined the country. It drummed away steadily until the U. S. army and marine units in north and central China were reduced to skeleton token forces. It is louder and even more effective today now that General Marshall is gone and American policy is at the crossroads of miserable flight from China or a half-hearted attempt to stay.

Loyalty is not a word to describe the builders of Soviet Russia's Asiatic empire. But loyalty is irrelevant in this modern world of power politics. Russia's empire builders are tough, resilient, versatile fifth-columnists who hate Bolshevism with all their heart and minds. But they have no choice in their unpleasant task. They cannot escape.

So it is a riddle if the hermit Soviet Union can at the same time become the world's most powerful imperialist. But it is a mystery, an enigma, and much more that American-Chinese-British policy makes it possible for the Kremlin to attempt this paradox by brilliantly using the people who hate them most.

Retreat And Jubilee

By WENDELIN MOORE, C.P.

China Missionaries seek comfort and solace in annual retreat. Jubilee celebration is an event for relaxation



Bishop O'Gara and group of Passionist Missionaries

THE missionaries of Hunan were on the move! From the farthest outposts of the Vicariate they were traveling to Yüanling. Five of the missions are on the highway, so for the priests from these stations there was some kind of auto transport. Other missions are on the river, far from the highway. These priests traveled by sampan through mountain gorges or over swift rapids to Yüanling. Still others are far from highway or river, and these priests trudged for a day or days, according to their distance away, or rode on muleback up and down steep, narrow mountain trails that veered giddily around the heights, till they came out on the banks of the river or the side of the road. But all were moving on Yüanling. It was November—the time of Annual Retreat.

A Retreat is a great comfort and solace to a missionary. For a year he has been living alone in a drab, primitive Chinese village, his only association with the neighboring missionary his hurried visit of each month or two for confession. For a year he has been untiringly studying the Chinese language, for the study of this language is never over. He has been straining his eyes over intricate characters, his memory for an elusive phrase once learned, his ear to catch the jumble of sound spoken around him, and then his brain and intellect to sort this hodgepodge into ideas. For a year he has been tending his flock—saying Mass, hearing confessions, administering

the sacraments; baptizing the newborn, marrying the young, anointing the old; preaching, instructing, consoling; listening, sympathizing, pitying; riding, walking, climbing; visiting the sick, burying the dead, and comforting the bereaved. And he is tired. He is weary in body and drained in spirit. So the Annual Retreat is a comfort and solace to him. For during that time he will find rest for the body, strength for the soul, and enthusiasm for the spirit. So, like columns of a weary and famished army closing in on all sides upon a stronghold that promises rest and plenty, the missionaries of Hunan were moving on Yüanling from all points of the compass.

The night before the Retreat opens, when the last man has straggled in, is always lively and merry. In order to leave enough priests in the field to cover the various missions, the Retreat is always held in two groups. Some of the priests, therefore, may not have met on previous Retreats. It may be years since some have seen each other. I myself, for example, though I have been in China over seven years, met Father Cyprian Leonard, C.P. for the first time on this Retreat. So there is always much banter and chatter on this night—cementing old friendships and strengthening recent ones; thrashing out mission problems and discussing future plans; recalling bygone days and unforgotten experiences; re-telling humorous anecdotes and embarrassing predicaments of one another;

riding and ribbing some for their growing grayness, baldness, or rotundity. The night is not long enough for all we have to say to one another, and though much sleep is lost already we are much refreshed by this contact with one another.

The Retreat this year was preached by the Very Reverend Quentin Olwell, C.P. For a week we were uniquely alone with God, resting in His company as the apostles did in the desert, relieved for the time from our burdens, cares, and problems. For a week, in quiet and solitude, the Holy Spirit used the words of Father Quentin as His instruments to strengthen our souls, re-ignite our hearts, and enliven our spirits. Reminded were we of the wonderful love of God for us, the mercy and Redemption of Christ, the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit. The vocation of a foreign missionary was again portrayed for us in all its glory and importance, the zeal that should animate us was told again in glowing and revivifying words; enthusiasm and courage were poured into our hearts. Ideals were reburnished, zeal inflamed.

And then, after the closing of the Retreat, as if to give us a personification of the successful, fervent, zealous missionary, Thanksgiving Day marked the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of Father Dunstan Thomas' ordination to the priesthood. Father Dunstan was born December 7, 1890, in Allston, Massachusetts. As a boy he attended the Washington Allston Grammar School,

Brighton High School, and Boston College High School. In 1913 he joined the Passionists and after his novitiate professed his vows on June 8, 1914. He was ordained a priest in 1921. In 1923 he came to China and now we were celebrating his Silver Jubilee of the priesthood—twenty-three of those years having been spent in China. The date of Father Dunstan's Ordination is really December 17, but we anticipated it a little so that the priests gathered together for Retreat could celebrate with him.

On the morning of his Jubilee, Father Dunstan sang a Solemn Mass *coram Episcopo*, the Most Reverend Bishop O'Gara, C.P., in the beautifully redecorated Cathedral of Yüanling. (During the war the Yüanling Cathedral as well as all our churches was hideously camouflaged.) The choir was composed of the girls of the Yüanling Middle School conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Father Dunstan was assisted at the Mass by the Very Reverend Caspar Caulfield, C.P., as Deacon and the Very Reverend William Westhoven, C.P., as Subdeacon. The Reverend Reginald Arliss, C.P., was the Master of Ceremonies, and the Chinese seminarians were the acolytes. Father Dunstan sang the Mass of the Holy Ghost, so red was the color of the vestments as well as of all the sanctuary drapes. The Bishop at his throne in purple, the priests at the altar in red, and the sanctuary hangings the same, the picture presented was a brilliant mass of color. It matched Chinese pageantry—red being the color of joy. The Very Reverend Quentin Olwell, C.P., preached an eloquent sermon to the crowded church on the dignity and sublimity of the priesthood, paying particular tribute and congratulations to Father Dunstan on his twenty-five years as a priest. The Chinese understood very well the dignity and sublimity of the priesthood, flocking in afterward on Father Dunstan to shower their congratulations upon him. It must have been gratifying to Father to see among this crowd many young people, now husbands and wives, whom he in his early years had baptized as babies and not so long ago assisted at their marriages, and who now also had chil-

dren of their own baptized by him. Numerous Mass intentions were offered by many of these Catholics and many, being poor, did so at great personal sacrifice, but worth it to them as a tribute of their gratitude, respect, and affection—understanding well this best of ways to manifest such sentiments.

The rest of the morning was spent entertaining Chinese guests who came in to offer their congratulations, but at dinner we had Father Dunstan to ourselves.

At the table the Jubilarian was seated in the place of honor. In the center was a tantalizing cake made by the Sisters, gaily decorated with twenty-five candles. At Father's place were arrayed the "presents" of Bishop O'Gara, the priests and Sisters—a Chinese gown (which he needed badly), a volume each of the Italian, French, and German opera librettos (Father Dunstan is an ardent devotee of the opera and an incessant whistler of arias), a box of cigars and a carton of cigarettes—in themselves trifles but by their nature as gifts precious conveyors of the respect and affection of his companions. I am sure Father was pleased for it is the smaller things that give the keener joy. Living a simple life, it does not take much to make for happiness. Worthier and more appropriate was the spiritual bouquet of Masses, sacrifices, and good works offered for him by his Brethren—the bouquet beautifully and artistically painted by the Sisters.

On the wall of the refectory the Sisters had prepared a plaque centered with the Passionist Sign and adorned with Chinese characters of felicitation. The Chinese characters *Tu Shen Fu* (Father Dunstan in Chinese) caught the eye and I indulged in a little reverie over that character *Tu*. It is composed of a tree and the earth, meaning a tree planted firmly with roots deep and strong in the solid earth. And how appropriate! Strong and hardy like the oak, Father Dunstan, in twenty-three years in China, has not been sick a day even though "in journeying often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers . . . in perils from the Gentiles . . . in perils in the city . . . in perils in the wilderness, in perils of the sea . . . in labor . . . in much watch-

ings . . . in fastings often . . . in cold. . . ." Supple and pliable also as the willow tree, he is adaptable to any form of mission work and during those twenty-three years has been occupied in many capacities and has been missionary of half a dozen stations, at each place having spent a number of successful years.

My musings took me further to another kind of tree, spoken of in the first Psalm—the "just man" who "shall be like a tree which is planted near the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season. And his leaf shall not fall off, and all whatsoever he shall do shall prosper." Which shall bring forth fruit in due season: each year the number of Masses said in a pagan land, the confessions heard, sacraments administered; the preaching, instructing, baptizing, anointing. Whatsoever he shall do shall prosper! Even in a more literal comparison but lighter vein, "his leaf shall not fall off," for, though Father Dunstan is fifty-six years old, his chestnut hair is as luxuriant as ever and marred not by the faintest streak of gray. Golden Jubilee is almost assured!

This inspiring day was brought to a close with Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the singing of the *Te Deum* with Father Dunstan as Celebrant. With full hearts we thanked God for the blessings and graces showered upon this zealous missionary in the twenty-five years of his priestly life. In the hearts of those who have long years ahead to such a Jubilee there was no yearning or envy. For the farther we are from the goal, the more years there are to us in which to labor, the more time in which to garner in a full and rich harvest of souls. But there was in our hearts deep gratitude and affection for Father Dunstan and the other pioneers who had gone before us, easing the way for those who came after, who had first blazed the trail, in whose footsteps we had only to follow, who had sown where we were reaping!

The next day by highway, river, and mountain trail the missionaries returned to their stations but with an eager and a lighter step, inspired with new zeal and enthusiasm to begin another year.

Over hill and dale, through swirling rapids the Passionists move on Yüanling





SIGN POST

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Creeds

In the Apostles' Creed, one article says, "He descended into hell." As far as my limited knowledge goes, this expression does not occur in Scripture, and yet it is said by Protestant denominations which profess to base their belief on the Bible alone. Furthermore, in the Nicene Creed, which is said at Mass, we do not find the above article. Will you please explain?—W. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

What has become known as the Apostles' Creed has changed somewhat in the course of history. The most ancient Roman form is as follows:

"I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord, who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, who was crucified under Pontius Pilate and buried, on the third day He rose again from the dead, He ascended into Heaven, sitteth at the right hand of the Father, whence He shall come to judge the living and the dead. And in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Church, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body."

Comparing this with the form of the Apostles' Creed which came into universal use in the West at a later date, we note that the old form does not contain the clauses: "Creator of heaven and earth"; "descended into hell"; "the communion of saints"; "life everlasting"; nor the words: "conceived"; "suffered"; "died"; and "Catholic."

We do not know the circumstances which brought about the alterations and additions which appeared in the course of time, but we do know that the Apostles' Creed assumed its final form in Rome sometime before A. D. 700.

The original purpose of formulating a creed was that it could be used as a profession of faith at baptism. Gradually the creed began to be introduced into other liturgical services. With the spread of Christianity another purpose began to make its appearance. When heretical views began to rise, it became necessary to formulate the truths of revelation more clearly. This was done, not by the introduction of new doctrines, but by stating the traditional belief in terms that left no room for error or misunderstanding. To effect this, new formularies were drawn up from time to time, or certain modifications were introduced into those already in existence.

Thus, the Nicene Creed was formulated at the Council of Nicaea in 325. Its principal purpose was to state the Catholic teaching on points attacked by Arianism. This Creed was modified and expanded by the Council of Constantinople in

381 in answer to the particular errors dealt with at that Council. Similar procedures have occurred many times in the course of Church history.

One important point to be remembered is that no one of the historic creeds is a complete and final statement of the Christian faith, nor was it intended to be when it was first drawn up.

Concerning the clause, "descended into hell," there is a specific reference by Rufinus, who wrote about the year 400. He noted that it was not included in the Roman Creed at the time he wrote, but that it was found in the creed in use at Aquileia, the seat of a famous Western patriarchate at the head of the Adriatic. The clause is also found in some ancient Greek creeds, and in that of St. Jerome. No doubt this insertion was caused by the traditional interpretation of the nineteenth verse of the third chapter of St. Peter's First Epistle. Referring to Christ, after His death and before His resurrection, the Apostle says: "he was brought to life in the spirit, in which also he went and preached to those spirits that were in prison." What St. Peter called "prison" is referred to in the Creed as "hell." This was not the hell of the damned, nor purgatory, but the "Limbo of the Patriarchs," where the souls of the just were awaiting the promised redemption.

Daughter of Jairus

When Jesus restored to life the daughter of Jairus, why did He say the girl was not dead, but asleep?

This incident is recorded in Matt., 9:18-26; Mark, 5:22-43; Luke, 9:41-56.

Our Lord's words "the girl is asleep not dead" have induced some rationalistic biblical critics to deny the real death of the child. It should be remembered that similar words were spoken in the case of Lazarus, who had been in the grave four days before the arrival of Jesus. The Evangelist testifies that Jesus had spoken of the death of Lazarus, and Jesus Himself made the matter clear when the Disciples misunderstood Him. (John, 11:11-15)

The presence of the mourners, their laughing "him to scorn," and the message sent to Jairus, are incontestable signs of the real death of the girl.

It is true that there was a certain obscurity in the language of Jesus, but this can be explained by the fact that He forbade the report of the miracle to be spread abroad. He enjoined that silence be observed because He did not wish at

that early date in His ministry to arouse unnecessarily the antagonism of the Pharisees.

As a direct address to the mourners the words of Jesus are nevertheless true. His language either expresses what the multitude would have thought of the condition of the girl, if they had known that she would be speedily returned to life, or because Jesus signifies that the daughter of Jairus was not dead in the ordinary sense, that is, her body to remain lifeless until the general resurrection.

Early Breaks with Church's Teaching

What Christian sects were the first to break away from Catholic teaching? I understand this occurred about 400 or 500 A. D., although I was previously under the impression that it did not occur until the sixteenth century—L. K.

A drift toward rejection of the teaching entrusted by Christ to His Apostles and their successors began to appear even in the very earliest times. Our Lord had said: "The kingdom of heaven is like a man who sowed good seed in his field; but while men were asleep, his enemy came and sowed weeds among the wheat, and went away. And when the blade sprang up and brought forth fruit, then the weeds appeared as well" (Matt. 13: 24-27). How true this prophetic parable appears to one who studies the spread of the Gospel. The Gospel message was indeed the good seed, and it was sown diligently in the field of the world. It brought forth good fruit, but mixed with it was also the cockle. These weeds were doctrines of men's making, or what St. Paul called "novel doctrines" and "fables and endless genealogies which beget controversies rather than godly edification, which is in the faith" (I Tim. 1:4).

These early aberrations sprang from two tendencies. One was the wish to preserve the Mosaic Law and the other an attempt to adapt Christian teaching to some system of human philosophy. The Judaic tendency was at first orthodox, but later heretical elements were introduced. Cerinthus, who denied the divinity of Christ, and to refute whom St. John is said to have written his Gospel, gained a certain following, but his influence was more or less transient. The last remnants of this heretical Judaic-Christianity were confined to the Ebionites and Nazarenes who continued in existence in Syria and Palestine during the second and third centuries and then passed into history.

During Apostolic times there also appeared in germ what was later to be known as Gnosticism, an attempt to blend certain Greek and Oriental speculations with Christian teaching. We have an example of the warnings of the Apostles against such false teaching in St. Paul's Epistle to the Colossians. From this Epistle it is evident that there were various tendencies at work to depreciate the person of Christ, to set aside the redemption, and to cause disunion in the Church. In this false teaching, the angels seem to have been put above Jesus; salvation was made dependent on various unseemly practices; and the purity of Christian worship was perverted by the observance of feasts, new moons, and sabbaths. Against all this St. Paul holds up to the Colossians the true preeminence of Christ (Col. 1:15-29 and 2:1-3). The Apostle gives the reason for his exposition of false teaching when he states: "now I say this so that no one may deceive you by persuasive words." What he means by "persuasive words" he explains by his further warnings: "See to it that no one deceives you by philosophy and vain deceit, according to human traditions, according to the elements of the world and not according to Christ." "Let no one, then, call you to account for what you eat or drink or in regard to a festival or a new moon or a Sabbath." "Let no one cheat you who takes pleasure in self-abasement and worship of the angels, and enters vainly into what he has not seen, puffed up by his mere human mind." "If you have died with Christ to the elements of the world,

why, as if still living in the world, do you lay down rules: 'Do not touch; nor taste; nor handle!'—things that must all perish in their very use? In this you follow the precepts and doctrines of men, which, to be sure, have a show of wisdom in superstition and self-abasement, and hard treatment of the body, but are not to be held in esteem, and lead to the full gratification of the flesh" (cf. Col., Chap. 2).

In his Epistles to Timothy and Titus, St. Paul returns to the same subject and names Hymeneus, Philetus, and Alexander the coppersmith as disturbers of the Christian community and dissenters from the truth delivered by the Apostles. "Some rejecting this," says St. Paul, "have made shipwreck of the faith, among whom are Hymeneus and Alexander, whom I have delivered up to Satan that they may learn not to blaspheme" (I Tim. 1:20). "Of this sort are Hymeneus and Philetus who have erred from the truth in saying that the resurrection has taken place already, and they are destroying the faith of some" (II Tim. 2:17, 18).

There are other places in the New Testament which reveal the trend to break away from the authority and teaching of the Apostles and the Church, but we shall pass on to say something about the Gnostic heresies which plagued the early Church.

Gnosticism may be defined as an effort on the part of intellectual Christians to graft upon the teaching of Christ notions borrowed from ancient philosophies and Oriental religions. The aid of pantheistic theories of the Greeks was enlisted, and ideas from ancient Egypt, Chaldea, Persia, and even India on the genealogy of the gods and the origin of the world were incorporated in the various systems of Gnosticism. At times there was also an admixture of practices taken from the so-called mystery rites of the pagans of Rome and Greece. For the Christian elements in their systems, the Gnostics used not only our well-known canonical Gospels, which of course they interpreted to suit their own purposes, but they also gathered together legends, written or oral, which purported to contain certain secret conversations of the Saviour with some of His Apostles and first followers. It was claimed that in these conversations, which took place after His resurrection, Jesus revealed to a chosen few the most profound mysteries of Gnosticism. The unauthentic gospels of Thomas, of Philip, of Judas, and many other such apocryphal works originated as a result of this claim to possess special and esoteric knowledge.

Despite the extravagant notions peculiar to the different systems, Gnosticism as a whole constituted a serious temptation to intellectual pride for the early Christians. Like so many enemies of the Church in later times, the Gnostics proclaimed that no religious institution has a right to impose its teachings on men. The claim to teach authoritatively in the name of Christ and to safeguard the original Christian revelation from being twisted by private authority was to the Gnostics an attempt to keep men from knowledge. In their case, of course, it was a rejection of the higher knowledge which they pretended to dispense.

Before leaving Gnosticism, we must remind our readers that it is not entirely dead. Many of its doctrines are being peddled today by individuals or groups claiming to possess ancient and esoteric knowledge of the mysteries of life. We do not believe that California's famed climate has any direct influence on the phenomenon, but it does seem that that State is the favorite habitat of these modern Gnostics.

Another doctrinal aberration which appeared in the ancient Church was called Montanism, named after the Phrygian Montanus. This man and his two women associates, Maxilla and Priscilla, became seized with fear that the second coming of Christ was near at hand. They set about preparing the world for the approaching judgment by demanding the observance of rigorous ascetical practices and an exaggerated moral severity. There was to be no further forgiveness of sins, no more marriages, no family life, no earthly interests,

and all possessions were to be in common. The fantastic prophecies of Montanus were intended to impart a clearer knowledge of the Gospel message. At this point we cannot resist reminding our readers that Montanus as a prophet has had his counterpart in every age. In our time we are witnesses of the fanatical zeal of the followers of another self-appointed prophet of the second coming of Christ whose ravings they spread abroad by means of books, pamphlets, and phonograph records.

Essentially, Montanism was an attempt to substitute private judgment for hierarchical teaching, just as Gnosticism was an endeavor to supplant the latter by individual knowledge.

Those early centuries also witnessed doctrinal disputes over the forgiveness of the sin of apostasy, the rebaptism of heretics, and the beginnings of the Trinitarian and Christological controversies which loomed so large after peace came to the Church under Constantine the Great.

The Arian heresy, which arose at the beginning of the fourth century, received its name from Arius, a priest of Alexandria. He based his system on a principle which he thought invulnerable. His fundamental assumption was that God, being a transcendental and unique Being, is incapable of communicating Himself except by creation. This of course led directly to a denial of the Trinity, and of the divinity of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. A further consequence was a denial of the Incarnation in the Catholic sense. This heresy struck at the very foundation of Christianity, namely, the divinity of Christ. Arianism was condemned by the Council of Nicaea, under Pope St. Silvester I, in the year 325, but it caused great disturbance for many years. It also prepared the way for other heresies.

The Macedonians were followers of Macedonius, who usurped the See of Constantinople in 342. He denied the Godhead of the Holy Ghost, and taught that the Holy Spirit was only a creature like the angels, but of a higher order. This heresy was condemned at the First Council of Constantinople in 381, under Pope St. Damasus I.

Nestorianism originated from the teaching of Nestorius, Bishop of Constantinople, who died in Egypt about 451. He held that there were two separate persons in Our Lord, one the Son of God, and the other the son of man. The Catholic doctrine is that there are in Christ two natures, the Divine and the human, but only one Person, the Person of the Son of God. In the teaching of Nestorius, the Blessed Virgin was not the Mother of God, but only of the man, Christ. This heresy was condemned by the Council of Ephesus, under Pope St. Celestine I, in the year 431.

We have listed several of the heresies which appeared in the early years of the Church's existence, but the treatment has by no means been exhaustive. More ample details have been given concerning some of the very earliest tendencies to introduce novel doctrines than have been given about later and better known heresies, such as Arianism. This has been done because it is quite common to believe that everything was perfect in the time of the Apostles and their immediate successors. If we know history, we shall understand that such an assumption does not accord with fact.

The study of the early rise of heresy also reveals the necessity of having a means to preserve pure and undefiled the original revelation of Christ. Christ taught His doctrine to His Apostles and commanded them to preach it to the whole world. He also made the acceptance of His doctrine the condition of salvation. At the same time He knew that once the mind of man began to speculate upon that revealed doctrine there would be danger of its being twisted and misinterpreted. How could this be avoided, and assurance be given to future generations that they were receiving the original doctrine of Christ and not some changed version of it resulting from the fallible human mind working upon it? This could be done only by setting up an institution endowed with

the authority to teach in Christ's name and to teach infallibly. In a word, a divine revelation intended to teach men the way of life and salvation would be largely futile without a means of preserving and interpreting such revelation.

This can be called an argument for the antecedent probability that infallibility must abide with the Church to rule its faith until the end of time. We have seen that the need for just such infallible teaching authority arose in the time of the Apostles and immediately after their deaths. There has been no less need of it down through the ages, and there will be the same need until the end of the world.

While not giving positive proof of the claim to infallibility put forth by the Catholic Church, this argument can prepare the mind to accept positive proofs that Christ did actually found a Church and that He established it upon Peter and his successors to whom He gave an infallible authority to teach and preserve Christian faith and morals.

Purpose of the General Judgment

1) *Is the purpose of the general judgment to fix the status of the saints in an eternal hierarchy in heaven?*—H. V. M., NEW YORK, N. Y.

2) *Will the souls of the damned be joined to their bodies, and will they participate in the general judgment? If they are to participate, why? Are they not already eternally lost? Will they see God?*—T. MCD., SCRANTON, PA.

Since both inquirers refer to the same subject, we shall incorporate replies in a single response.

Every man is at once a single individual and a member of human society. Hence there is due him a twofold judgment. As an individual, worthy of reward or punishment, he undergoes a particular judgment at the moment of death when, with no possibility of a "second chance," his soul stands before the tribunal of God, and his sentence, final and irrevocable, is pronounced. As a member of the human family, he will participate in the general judgment when his works and the justice and mercy of God will be revealed to all men.

On the final day, all men who have ever lived, whether for a moment or a century, will be gathered together, and their souls will be reunited to their bodies. The Judge will be Christ in His glorified humanity as He Himself foretold. "But when the Son of man shall come in his majesty, and all the angels with him, then he will sit on the throne of his glory; and before him will be gathered all the nations, and he will separate them one from another, as the shepherd separates the sheep from the goats; and he will set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left" (Matt., 25:31-33).

Those who are destined for everlasting punishment, as well as those who are to be received into everlasting life, will see Christ. The damned, however, will not see the Most Holy Trinity at the general judgment. The union with God through the Beatific Vision requires a special supernatural grace, and those who have repudiated God unto the end will not possess grace nor will they be capable of receiving it.

Why a general judgment? In the first place, it is just that Christ, who was condemned to death and so often repudiated by the judgment of men, should be the supreme judge of all. Divine justice also requires a judgment before all men assembled. Then will be revealed the secrets of man's actions, and the good and bad effects of his free actions on God's plan of salvation for all will be appraised. At that time also God's way of dealing with men will be justified. Then the inequalities of earthly days will be shown in their full significance. Those who, like Christ, were reviled and persecuted, will be seen by those who misjudged and mistreated them on earth. They will be recognized as the true friends and loyal followers of the Master. On the other hand, those who, despite their evil lives, seemed to flourish will have to stand forth, and in their shame testify to the final justice of God.

Woman to Woman

BY KATHERINE BURTON

Lovely Home. No Children!

"WANTED—HOUSEWORKER. Good salary. Private room and bath. Lovely home. No children."

Those were the actual words in an advertisement in a Sunday paper. The last two phrases would of course make an editorial paragraph or a chapter, or a book, or a sermon—almost an epitaph for a generation or a nation.

It is not often that I am completely overwhelmed, but those phrases—"Lovely home. No children," really brought me close to a feeling of despair. Not alone the words but the fact that they were printed with no other thought than that here was an inducement, a lure. No children—therefore no trouble, no extra work, no sticky hands, no noisy voices at play, no wails when the inevitable tumble comes, no hanging in fear over a crib where a feverish baby lies, no wiping away finger marks or spilled milk. None of the worrying things that fill a day with children in it.

But there is the other side of the shield too—no small hands holding yours tightly in sheer affection, no child running to you because you represent help and hope and love, no graduation to be proud at, no grown children to give you adult affection, no one to care a personal hoot when you are older whether you are alive or not.

Edmund Vance Cooke, when a young reporter, printed a small book of verse, one poem of which dealt with just that topic, the love of wife and family, and the last line ran, "And who of the rest would really care?" And the answer to that is, practically nobody, certainly not in the small homely ways of home.

He had another verse about a child who had died, and the last lines ran:

"It was his little cry that waked me then;
His silence wakes me still."

But even loss, he implied, is better than never having had a child. And suddenly I thought with gratitude of those who have no children of their own and who adopt them. For they are aware of that loss, that void, and they fill it with affection for someone other than themselves, someone who needs them. They do not make a boast that their homes are lovely because they are childless.

Just Common Sense

PERHAPS THE MOST terrifying thing about those four words is the fact that the people who put that advertisement in the paper don't realize for a moment the portent of their words. For only one thing makes a future, and that is children. Whether in a nation, which is certainly made up of children and those who once were children, or in trade, where we must have people who make things and people who use them, people who grow things and people who eat what is grown, it is certainly necessary to have children, continuing generations of them. That is not sentimentality or even sentiment. It is just common sense.

I could go further and continue this discussion into the Christian ethic involved, but this is not really necessary, except to show the distance from reality—and I definitely do not mean the distance from realism, but from sheer reality—that some people have come when, with no sense of the bit-

ter humor, the execrable selfishness involved, they put in a newspaper two such phrases which outrage every sense of what the world holds dear as well as necessary.

Some months ago *Time* Magazine had a letter from a woman who not only was glad she did not have any children, but had none by deliberate choice, and she wrote that she was looking forward to a serene old age in her childless home. It was a brief letter and at the very end of the correspondence column; but *Time* received letters in reply from every state in the Union except one. Of all the many letters—and half of them were from men—only three sided with the lady who wanted to be serene in her old age. They ranged from undergraduates who wanted families of their own in the future to a farmer who had forty-eight grandchildren. The ones with families said they wouldn't change their life, with all its financial difficulties, or its lack of time for themselves, for anything else. The quotations from the letters were interesting: "Parenthood I think pays the highest dividends in the world." . . . "As a mother of five, who is often humbled and embarrassed by my children's generosity, I feel that I did so little for so much." . . . "If people like us have children, perhaps the world will be just a little better off in the next generation."

The *New York Herald Tribune* ran a letter recently from a woman with four children who wrote, "What a state the world is in when motherhood has become one of the unique careers of women!" She had an idea, too, as to how to help people with large families to come out a bit better financially. Expenses jump greatly with the third child and all after that, and she thinks income taxes should be greatly decreased for each additional child, and also that colleges should award scholarships on some such basis, "just as they formerly reduced their charges for all ministers' children."

"With Love—From Mother"

FOR IT IS SADLY TRUE that little is done concretely for those who have good-sized families, nor is there much sympathy extended to them. A Catholic woman wrote me that she has five children and that other women on the street—Catholics among them—regard her with supercilious pity for having so many. And some of the clergy who talk about the immorality of reducing the number of children in a family should in addition speak about the necessity of homes and a living wage for large families. Every priest is a missionary, even if his area of labor is only a city block, and there is true missionary work to be done on this matter.

As for the serene-in-old-age crowd, I wish they could see a book I read recently. It would be a good book for them to read, not for literary value which it does not pretend to have. But it is the record of a family, told in old letters written by the mother herself and woven together with her explanations. The editing was done by one of her daughters, Sister Maureen Flynn, O.P., and the title is *With Love—From Mother*. It might also be called "Lovely Home. Eleven Children," for that is the amount of family which this pioneer Indiana couple allowed to destroy the serenity of their home. It is an engaging book and a great relief from the vapid novels styled realistic.

The Spotted Horse

BY LOVEL ROSE

Illustrated by ARDIS HUGHES

AUNT LIZA was very black, very old, and as corrugated with wrinkles as the scrub-board she used when she washed the clothes for the folks who lived on the hill. She held Little Joe's hand tightly as they watched with rapt admiration the merry-go-round, with its bobbing ponies and troop of gleeful children.

It was summer again and the traveling carnival, with all its glitter and hubbub, had come to town for its annual visit. The old woman seldom ventured forth at night, but she had promised Little Joe they would see the show.

Little Joe was just as black as Aunt Liza, maybe a shade blacker. At the moment his eyes were dancing with excitement. In all his six years he had never seen anything so marvelous and desirable as this gay, spinning merry-go-round.

He thought about the good things in life. Eating the heart section of a juicy, red watermelon was mighty good, but he believed a ride on the merry-go-round would be better than anything that had ever happened to him.

"Sho is a pretty flyin'-jenny, Granny," he said.

"Sho is, chile."

"Makes pretty music."

Aunt Liza nodded wisely, "Sho do."

"When I get big, I'se gwine buy me a flyin'-jenny. Gwine put it right in my front yard."

"Uh-huh."

"Gwine ride all day an' all night."

"Better look out you don't get dizzy, 'long 'bout midnight."

The merry-go-round slowed to a graceful stop. The laughing, happy passengers were discharged while a new contingent rushed aboard to claim their favorite mount.

"Can't stan' here all night if we 'tend to see de rest o' de merriment," Aunt Liza said.

Little Joe was reluctant to move, but after all they had come to see the whole show, or at least all that could be seen without cost. He knew very well they had no money to spend for such unnecessary experiences as a merry-go-round ride or a seat at the Plantation Minstrel Show.

The few precious dollars Aunt Liza earned each week washing and ironing the white folks' clothes were budgeted to the last cent. There was rent to pay, food to buy, charcoal for heating her heavy

flatirons, the premium for the insurance man, and always twenty-five cents for the Sunday collection plate.

Little Joe had become her responsibility when he was a tiny baby, which compelled her to work harder and watch corners closer than ever. But she didn't mind. She loved Little Joe. She felt she had a special duty toward him. His pappy had gone "way up nawth" before Little Joe was born, and soon after, her own daughter went to find that trifling man, and neither had ever gotten back.

The old woman and the little boy stopped before a long narrow tent housing Hunt's Mammoth Museum of a Thousand Oddities. The old woman gazed with awe at the pictorial banners.

Activated by a soft, vagrant breeze the undulating canvas gave lifelike animation to the Alligator Boy, the Rubber Man, the Spider Woman, and the artist's drawing of an inflated balloon with a head and feet, which was his conception of Fat Emma—562 pounds of joviality, the sign declared.

Aunt Liza's eyes riveted on Emma's portrait. She shook her head. "My, my! How she totes it all is more'n I can see."

Above the jumble of carnival sound Little Joe's ears remained tuned to the now distant merry-go-round. These new sights were all right, but nothing could compare with the wonder of the sparkling carousel.

When Aunt Liza happened to look down, Little Joe's head was rocking to and fro in a rhythm of continuous motion.

"What's ailin' you, chile?"

"I'se a flyin'-jenny. Dat's de way de hosses go—up an' down—up an' down."

The press of the jostling, carefree crowd caught the two sightseers and swept them past the roaring Motor-drome with hardly a pause. Little Joe was glad to keep moving, for the deafening noise the racing machines made completely drowned the magnificent symphony of the merry-go-round.

When they reached Monkey-town, the

When a boy's too poor to ride, carousel music can be a celestial serenade, and one horse can outrun all the rest

red-visaged barker, voluble and emphatic, was hoarsely proclaiming the merit of his show. For only ten cents a person could gain entrance to the tented home of these jungle children and watch them perform feats of cleverness smacking of human intelligence.

Aunt Liza knit her brow and studied the several simians perched on the ballyhoo platform.

She pointed a finger. "Chile, see dat little fellah in de red coat an' dat big pair o' specks?"

"Uh-huh."

"Who he look lak?"

Little Joe couldn't remember who the monkey resembled. In fact, he couldn't see the little animal any too well, since the view was obstructed by the vision of a prancing, fiery steed.

Aunt Liza chuckled. "Charcoal Charlie; dat's who he look lak! De spittin' image! Nex' time Charlie bring charcoal to my do' I'se gwine tell him we seed his kin-folks down at de sho' tent."

At last they came to the end of the midway and turned to head back.

Little Joe's eyes brightened. "Now we can spen' de rest o' de time at de flyin'-jenny," he said.

He wanted to hurry, but he had to hold his Granny's hand and she couldn't walk very fast. Years of bending over a wash tub had put a kink in her back and an impediment in her stride.

"Which hoss you lak bes', Granny?"

"I ain't much aftah hosses; but way back on de farm we had some mules—"

"I mean de flyin'-jenny hosses; which one dem you lak bes'?"

"Dey all de same; same size, same gallop. Ain't no diffence."

Little Joe stopped short, his face an expression of wonder as he looked up at his grandparent.

"You mus' not seed de spotted hoss. He heap de bigges', got de longest black tail, steps de highes', an' runs faster dan all de res'. He de one I . . ."

The dissonant airs floating from the merry-go-round became louder and louder, but somewhere along the way they underwent a transformation and reached Little Joe's ears, a soothing celestial serenade. He all but pulled Aunt Liza's arm out of socket as he rushed forward.

"Hope it ain't changed none fum de way it was de fust time," he said.

Two hours earlier they had stood beyond the circle of spectators, but now, seasoned to the way of the crowd, they did not stop until they reached the barrier ringing the revolving spot of fairyland. Little Joe sighed happily and kept his eyes glued on the dappled pony as it sped around the course.

He pointed to his favorite. "See dere, Granny, jes' like I tole you, de spotted hoss de bes'. Can't you see he bigger and runnin' faster dan de others?"

Aunt Liza shook her head. "Mus' be



Little Joe sighed happily and kept his eyes glued on the dappled pony as it sped around the course

my eyes, chile. Dey is old an' yours is young. Things you see ain't plain to an old woman."

For a long time they stood in silence, then Little Joe said, "When I gets my flyin'-jimmy I's gwine let all de po' little chillun ride fo' free."

"Dat sho be nice; be mighty nice."

Aunt Liza turned her attention to the ticket booth. She saw the cashier in his little compartment, busy selling tickets from a large roll and making change from neat piles of coins stacked at his finger tips. The words painted on the side of the booth were hard for her to decipher, but the large figure—10¢—told her all she needed to know.

She smoothed the folds of her clean, crisp apron and let her hand rest on the deep pocket which contained her handkerchief, in one corner of which was tightly knotted all her monetary possessions. She put her hand in the pocket and felt the few small coins through the thin fabric. It was a long time until Saturday when she would deliver and collect for this week's wash. She would

have to skimp in order to make the small amount last.

As the night progressed the crowd began to thin. Aunt Liza tightened her grip on Little Joe's hand.

"Way pas' our bedtime, chile; speck we better be goin'."

"Please, jes' a little longer."

The old woman turned her eyes to the box office again. No mistaking what the sign said—ten cents. After all, ten cents would buy a pound of dried black-eyed peas, and a big pot of peas would keep those uncomfortable gnawing miseries away from the stomach.

"Granny?"

"Uh-huh."

"Does you speck God has a flyin'-jimmy up in Hebben?"

Aunt Liza swallowed hard. Something akin to moisture cupped in her eyes.

"Dese bright lights beginnin' to pester my sight," she said to herself. Aloud, she said, "Course He do. What looks lak a

twinklin' star to us down here, might be a flyin'-jimmy up dere."

Her toil-worn fingers picked at the knot in the corner of her handkerchief. They would manage someway—they always had. Besides, Little Joe was entitled to something more in life than a pot of peas.

The dime felt small but potent against the palm of her clasped hand. She shaded her eyes with the other hand and appeared to gaze intently at the whirling figures.

"Well, I do declare!" she said. "At las' I see it."

"See what, Granny?"

"Same thing you been seein' all de time. Dat spotted hoss— He truly de gran' champeen o' de whole world."

She towed Little Joe to the box office and placed the dime on the ticket ledge.

"Good evenin', Mr. Ticket Man," she said. "Please, suh, one ticket to ride de spotted hoss."



1. To the youngsters Mr. Wilson's scrapbook has all the fascination and suspense of a Saturday matinee serial. It tells the story of 35 years spent in fighting crime.



2. All boys can play cops and robbers; but only friends of the Chief know the thrill of using a real two-way police radio-telephone. No favoritism, girls allowed too.

A-Bomb's Guardian



3. Little Carole Douglas gets some nautical practice in Wilson's den. The wheel is from a rum-runner which worked the Jersey coastline during prohibition days.

He has a serious job,
but he stays genial and gay

OUT on Tennyson Road in Washington's Chevy Chase, a gay group of inquisitive boys and girls are glad that even the Chief of the United States Secret Service finally gets a chance to retire. They have always been fond of their friendly neighbor, Frank J. Wilson; but now he is more fun than ever. Retired after ten years as Chief of the Secret Service, Mr. Wilson is enjoying some well-earned leisure. The youngsters like that. For now he has time to tell them exciting tales about how he handled the Al Capone case; the part he played in capturing the Lindbergh kidnapper; the laughs, the thrills, and the scares that came to the men whose job it was to safeguard the life of Franklin D. Roosevelt and to provide protection for such distinguished visitors as Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Winston Churchill, and King George VI.

But even in retirement, Frank Wilson's job as a guardian is not completely finished. He has acquired a new title: Consultant on Security for the United States Atomic Energy Commission. There is much headwork involved in preserving the secrecy of all information pertaining to the manufacture of atomic bombs. And Mr. Wilson's latest assignment bears witness to his country's appreciation of his vast experience as a master of protective techniques. Yet despite his sobering responsibility, the A-Bomb's guardian is not a grim-visaged, overserious sort of man; he loves the gaiety of children, and at almost any time you are apt to find him with a pocketful of peanuts for feeding the chummy squirrels which play around the shady porch of his home. It is a genial Catholic gentleman who guards the secrecy of atomic developments.

A SIGN PICTURE STORY



4. Though the Wilsons have no children of their own, their home is often ringing with excited young voices. The A-bomb's guardian is interested in red balloons too.



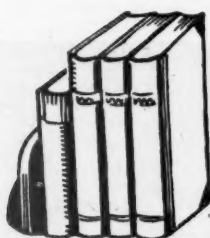
5. Uncle and nephew in conference. Carroll Louis Wilson is General Manager of the Atomic Energy Commission. Only 37, he is a bright star among atomic experts.



6. Mr. Wilson's wife, Judith, remembers the high lights of his colorful career even better than he does. She is a genteel lady with a warm pride in her husband's work.



7. "Crime prevention through education." This is the motto on the plaque commemorating Wilson's years with the Secret Service. He subscribes to it wholeheartedly.



Books



REPORT FROM SPAIN

By Emmet John Hughes. 323 pages.
Henry Holt & Co. \$3.00

Emmet Hughes, a man who might be classified under the currently fashionable label of "liberal Catholic," served as Press Attaché of the American Embassy in Madrid. One of the members of the diplomatic staff told me that he was a nice enough young man, but that he lacked the courage of his convictions. Somewhere along the way Mr. Hughes has found both courage and strong convictions, perhaps since he became a correspondent for *Time*. For his present book is a blast against Franco and an unhesitating call for the United States to intervene actively in bringing about Franco's banishment.

Damning is the indictment itemized in these blistering pages. And much there is to damn; the military dominance, the secret police, the penal system, the poverty, public dishonesty, and suppression of freedom. Only he who has been tutored in the Kremlin could ever condone much of what Franco tolerates and abets. Yet Mr. Hughes's case would be wondrously stronger and far better calculated to foster a little clear thinking on Spain were he less passionately partisan, less intemperate, more objective.

For example, he might have lined up the good with the bad, made a complete survey instead of cataloguing only the evil. The only time he has done this is in giving Spain's record in the recent war. Again, it is hardly fair in describing the nature of the Spanish regime to say it is not "Fascist" in the Italian or German sense and to proceed to call it Fascist throughout the book. It is hardly fair to say the regime rests on the Church as one of its pillars, then to say it has never been espoused or endorsed by the hierarchy, and then constantly to give the inference that such an endorsement has been given. Emotion is apt to injure logic, is bound to color expression. And emotion is mixed with the ink of this book. Perhaps it was inevitable, for Mr. Hughes saw much that would tend to raise the blood pressure of any American.



E. J. Hughes

In demanding American interference even while admitting Spain is no threat to world peace, Mr. Hughes cannot quite so lightly shake off considerations of sovereignty or political consequences. Neither can we be so sure he is correct in estimating 80 per cent of the Spanish people are against Franco. Only last week the *New York Times* reported an amazing upsurge of popular acclaim. Spain is still a subject difficult even to discuss without prejudice. Mr. Hughes does demonstrate that.

DAVID BULMAN, C.P.

JUST TELL THE TRUTH

By John L. Strohman. 250 pages. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50

From January to June 1946, Mr. John Strohman, former managing editor of the *Prairie Farmer*, tried to obtain a visa to the Soviet Union, and failed. Then he got an inspiration: he wired to Stalin. The result was immediate: a visa was granted, and, as Mr. Strohman says, for him the iron curtain was lifted, since he was granted the permission to go and see everything he liked under only one obligation—just tell the truth.

The author visited collective farms and factories, from the shores of the Baltic to the Caucasus and Stalingrad. He acknowledges that, wherever he went, he was followed by men from the NKVD who, however, never interfered with his activities. Very wisely, he never tried to see a concentration camp. Who knows what would have been the result? Everywhere, he talked, with the help of an American interpreter, with plain people. And what he saw and heard, he reports in his fascinating book.

What did he see? A country devastated by war; people working mainly with primitive tools; among these people, many more women than men—the men were either killed in the course of the war, or were still in the army. He observed a very poor standard of life and prices which seemed exorbitant. But he met friendly and courageous people, deeply loving their country and peace, people who hate the idea of war with the United States, both because of their gratitude for help received in the course



J. L. Strohman

of the war and because of respect for American efficiency.

Reporting what he heard, Mr. Strohman has not always sufficiently checked the reliability of his information. Two examples may suffice. What he tells, from hearsay, about the accomplishments of a certain Tsitsin, experimenter in cross-breeding of plants, belongs to the realm of fairy tales; and when he asserts that, under the Czars, the Catholics were considered by the government as heathens, he ignores that, under the Czars, twelve bishops and five thousand priests took care of the spiritual needs of their Catholic subjects.

The book is beautifully illustrated by pictures taken by the author himself. They show two things—Russia's misery and the indomitable will of her people to overcome it.

N. S. TIMASHEFF

INSIDE U. S. A.

By John Gunther. 975 pages. Harper & Brothers. \$5.00

This latest book by John Gunther, a companion volume to his earlier *Inside Europe*, *Inside Asia*, and *Inside Latin America*, is a scrutiny of life in the United States in his distinctive reportorial fashion. It is written in the pattern of his earlier works except that the canvas is larger and the description more detailed. Mr. Gunther examines the country state by state beginning with California; proceeds up the West Coast; inspects the Northwestern states; goes from the Rockies to the Great Plains, to the Middle West, to New England, New York, and Pennsylvania down the Atlantic seaboard to the South, "the nation's economic problem number one"; to the Lone Star State and finally rests in the Southwest.

In his extensive travels the author talked to many kinds of people on the way, asking questions such as: "Who is the power in this town?" "What makes this state distinctive?" "What are the problems of this region?" "How are the people meeting their problems?"

This is a flashy book rich with local color and sprinkled with vivid sketches of prominent national personalities



J. Gunther

such as the late Jimmy Walker of Tammany Hall, Pappy O'Daniel, Henry Ford, Wayne Morse of Oregon, Ellis Arnall of Georgia, Philip Murray of the CIO, and many others. It points up some of our important national problems: race relations, public power, political machines, and labor-management relations. It is replete with such facts as the following: In 1945, Americans spent \$1,306,514,314 on race tracks operating under pari-mutuel betting. In 1946 a bill to appropriate 100 million dollars for cancer research was defeated in the House of Representatives. And another: The national income last reported was 158 billion dollars; but only one American family in thirty-four had an income of \$7,500 or more per year, only one in ten had \$4,000, and more than 50 per cent had less than \$122.00 per month. This last is probably as good a key to our present labor unrest as any we've come across.

In the volume, Mr. Gunther deliberately excluded the pivotal point of all America: Washington, D. C. That will be the subject of a subsequent "Inside" book. If it is as interesting, informative, and entertaining as this one, it will be well worth waiting for.

DORIS GANNON DUFFY

MISSOURI COMPROMISE

By Tris Coffin. 315 pages. Little, Brown, & Co. \$3.00

To Tris Coffin, who places F. D. R. on a pedestal reaching high up into the clouds, the Washington scene during the past two years has been a pathetic blotch created by vagueness, indecision, and compromise. He has sharp eyes and a trenchant pen, and even those who will, rightly I think, contend that he writes like a cynical pessimist will enjoy this jaunty account of who's who and what's happening on Capitol Hill.

In Coffin's opinion, Harry Truman is a happy-go-lucky bungler whose philosophy of leadership is aptly symbolized by the big gold-colored horseshoe hanging over the door of his White House office—a Pollyanna optimism that with a little luck everything will turn out all right. Credit for most of the Administration's accomplishments during the Seventy-ninth Congress is given to Alben Barkley. Although the author's heroes are liberals like Chester Bowles, Wayne Morse, and George Aiken, Senator Taft is presented as a truly enlightened conservative, who wears a "Cheshire-cat grin" when he is infuriating one of his opponents and yet himself possesses "a temper that rises like a Roman candle." Vandenberg is put down as a good actor who "looks like one of those men of dis-



Tris Coffin

tinction in the whiskey advertisements" and who "takes himself very seriously as a man of destiny." Wayne Morse is a self-appointed conscience for the whole Senate and he "scolds his own party like a virtuous spinster." Claude Pepper comes up as "a homely man with a long and sad face like that of an old horse," and even those who usually agree with him can't decide "whether he is a sincere crusader, just loves a scrap, or enjoys the headlines."

Coffin has a talent for re-creating the atmosphere of Congressional debate. He can catch the humor of a House discussion flavored as it so frequently is with a strange mixture of the "artificial language of lawyers, the old-fashioned and insincere phrases of Congressional courtesy, and the uninhibited anger of a bar-room brawl." And he can supply enough of the behind-the-scenes manipulation of opinion to make the floor debate more intelligible.

Not a weighty offering but smart reporting and lively chitchat for the curious.

RAYMOND DURRELL

MODERN CHRISTIAN REVOLUTIONARIES

Edited by Donald Attwater. 390 pages. Devin-Adair Co. \$4.00

This is not one book, but five. It consists of five long essays written by as many different men and dealing with the lives and thought of five more or less contemporary figures whose devotion to Christian teaching made them "revolutionaries." Kierkegaard, the Danish philosopher and theologian of a century ago, and founder of existentialism, is introduced by M. S. Channing-Pearce; Chesterton by F. A. Lea; Eric Gill by the editor, Donald Attwater; C. F. Andrews, the friend of Gandhi and Tagore known for his tireless efforts on behalf of India, is presented by Nicol Macnicol; and Berdyaev, the Russian Orthodox thinker, by E. Lampert. All of the essayists are British writers with the exception of the last, who is Russian, although he too now resides in England.

The underlying unity of the work, as brought out by the editor in his introduction, is that revolution and Christianity are not necessarily opposed, as so frequently assumed, but that Christianity, if actually lived, cannot help but be radically revolutionary. The five studies present men who are "not revolutionaries who happen to be Christian, or in spite of being Christian, but revolutionary because Christian." The five figures chosen are obviously very diverse. Two are Catholic, two Protestant, and one Russian Orthodox; one is a Dane, one a Russian, and the remaining three



D. Attwater

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English. In temperament as well as thought they often are opposed to one another; two people could hardly be further apart than Kierkegaard, the "gloomy Dane," and Chesterton, the merry Englishman. Yet all lived, wrote, and taught as "witnesses to Christ."

The idea of bringing together such diverse personalities in appreciations written by men who are also of diverse faiths is interesting as well as exciting. Unfortunately, the book as a whole does not live up to its promise. As an "introduction" to the men whom it presents, it should leave one with the desire to read or renew acquaintance with their writings, and I, for one, did not feel such compulsion. However, except for the essay on Chesterton, which claims that his biggest mistake lay in becoming a Catholic and in not being a pacifist (this certainly must arouse Chesterton's laughter even in heaven), all the essays provide judicious and informative appreciations of men whose work as Christians and revolutionaries is perhaps even more relevant today than when it first appeared.

OTTO BIRD

THE LIFE OF CHRIST

By Giuseppe Ricciotti. Translated by Alba I. Zizzamia. 703 pages. The Bruce Publishing Company. \$7.50

During the past few years this reviewer has brought to these columns several brief criticisms of professedly scholarly and very dull studies of the Life of Christ. The authors of these studies, men like Santayana and Erskine, approach the Gospel story with a philosophical bias that precludes an honest appraisal. An Incarnate God is a myth; miracles are presupposedly impossible. The work of criticism consists in explaining away, or when this is impossible, ignoring the cogent arguments for the historicity of the Gospel narratives. A supercilious skepticism, a smug agnosticism, the appalling absurdity of denying the very existence of the greatest personality of all human history—this is the pabulum the *Critics* offer a spiritually starving world.

It is with relief, with joy, and with enthusiasm that this reviewer now appraises a Life of Christ that is solidly scientific, scrupulously critical, that explains and does not explain away the story of Jesus, the Son of God. An authority on the history of Israel, possessing a thorough knowledge of the languages of the Mediterranean world, both ancient and modern, intimately acquainted with the Holy Land, Abbot Ricciotti is one of those rare scholars who unite precision of thought, scientific exactness, and scrupulous documentation with an engaging, charming, sim-



A. Zizzamia

ple, facile expression. The "Critical Introduction" is a masterpiece of scientific writing that will delight the scholar and fascinate the average reader. In two hundred and sixteen pages the author presents a readable and exact summary of the political, religious, and geographical background of the Gospel story and a discussion of the literary and critical problems of Gospel interpretation that will long remain a model to scholars who propose to write for the general public.

Miss Zizzamia has presented to American readers in an English style that is lucid and charming a work that will certainly be acclaimed a Catholic classic. The Bruce Publishing Company has given this classic a dress that becomes it.

RICHARD KUGELMAN, C.P.

OUR LADY OF FATIMA

By William Thomas Walsh. 227 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$2.75

On May 13, 1917, a newly chosen bishop was being consecrated in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. His name was Eugenio Pacelli. On that same day, three Portuguese children, only one of whom was old enough to receive her First Holy Communion, saw and spoke to Our Lady of Fatima for the first time. Twenty-five years later, on October 31, 1942, a heavy-hearted Pontiff, looking out on a world scourged by the horrible war foretold by the Lady, celebrated the dual jubilee of the Fatima apparitions and of his own episcopal consecration by dedicating all his children to Mary's Immaculate Heart. In that dedication was a special prayer for the people of Russia. For the Lady had asked that Russia be consecrated to her. This is but one interesting item in the gripping story of Fatima.

Mr. Walsh has succeeded in telling that story with all the dramatic power, suspense, and vividness of characterization looked for in a well-wrought novel. Yet his is not a fictionalized account of the Fatima incident. Last summer he had a three-hour interview with the only survivor from among the shepherd children, Lucia Abóbora, now forty and known as Sister Maria das Dores. Relying on that conversation and on Sister's unpublished memoirs, Mr. Walsh has produced a lifelike sketch of both Francisco and Jacinta Marto, the little brother and sister who with Lucia saw the Lady and burned with such mature zeal for the accomplishment of her wishes.

One finishes the story with a renewed sense of wonderment over God's ways of dealing with a wayward world: the demands He makes upon the faith of His followers; the facility with which the simple can confuse the skeptics; the

poignancy with which the innocent can feel the need of doing penance for the world; the spiritual fecundity which God has imparted to that penance; the wisdom He can put into the mouths of babes and the fortitude He can elicit from the pure of heart.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

THIS TREMENDOUS LOVER

By Eugene Boylan, O.C.R. 345 pages.
The Newman Bookshop. \$3.00

That incomparably happy phrase-maker, St. Augustine, dreamed of the reign of God's grace on earth and in heaven and expressed himself in these words: "and there shall be one Christ loving Himself." There is unfathomable mystery in these words. For by them the Bishop of Hippo was referring to Christ's personal possession of the totality of grace. It is Christ who loves in Christians; and it is Christ's beauty which is loved in them. All the elect of God are living by power communicated from Him. And He communicates it without diminishing His own. That is why the kingdom of grace is founded on a paradox; a paradox which is at the root of Christian humility; a paradox which is the reason for a Christian's complacency in Christ; a paradox which can be expressed by saying that the Man Christ together with all who are conformed to His likeness is no greater than the Man Christ alone. For all their dignity, all their worth, all their power to please the Father is pre-contained in Him.

Borrowing his title from Francis Thompson's "The Hound of Heaven" and his theme from this dictum of St. Augustine, Father Boylan has written a truly Christocentric work on the life of grace. It is not meant just for the professionally religious. It is for everybody. And it presents a simplification of doctrine and a directness of moral observation which could come only from the pen of a man who has prayerfully gathered up the many-colored tesserae garnered from divine revelation and human experience and then fitted them into that astonishingly beautiful mosaic called the divine plan.

Don't pass over this selection of the Spiritual Book Associates if you are looking for some solid meat.

DENIS O'FARREL

MARGERY KEMPE

By Katherine Cholmeley. 118 pages.
Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.00

Margery Kempe will not be understood by all today, any more than she was understood by all in her own lifetime. The sensualist and the unbeliever will only ridicule her; for she moved in a realm

of love, suffering, tears, revelations, and supernatural locutions from which they exclude themselves. The timid, weak, and indifferent will not want this medieval mystic too close, either.

Margery Kempe was not one of those rare souls obviously marked for sainthood from their cradle. She was haughty, sensual, cherished luxuries, and at least on one occasion contemplated marital infidelity. Hers was a nature that craved love. And she was not always too choice in the loves she fostered. But once she became fired with a zeal for Christ crucified, there was no stopping her. She prevailed upon her husband to live with her as a celibate; made burdensome pilgrimages to the Holy Land; humbly and courageously endured inquisitions, scorn, and abuse; fearlessly reminded ecclesiastics of their neglected duties; and related God's dealings with her in a narrative that is simple, candid, and beautiful. Incidentally, the story presents a striking picture of fifteenth-century England.

Authoress Cholmeley shows her extraordinary esteem for her heroine when she writes, "It is not Chaucer who is the voice of England in the Middle Ages. . . . It is Margery." Some may contest that; but most people will want to hear more of Margery's voice.

EDGAR VANSTON, C.P.

LEON BLOY—A STUDY IN IMPATIENCE

By Albert Beguin. 247 pages. Sheed & Ward. \$2.75

Leon Bloy was a mystic who espoused poverty, not with the sweetness of a Francis, but with the vigor of a Paul. He says of himself: "I have not suffered misery; I wedded it for love, when I might have chosen a different mate." Bloy refers here to the promising literary career opened to him as a young man, but which he was forced to abandon because of his uncompromising attitude as a "Pilgrim of the Absolute." However, this "mate" brought him wisdom not of this world and a deep insight into the Mystical Body of Christ. On one occasion he wrote: "The most worthless blackguard is forced to borrow the face of Christ to receive a buffet from no matter what hand."

This *Study in Impatience* is addressed to all who, as Leon Bloy, are impatient with the conventional Christianity of the modern age; impatient with the smug secularism and the optimistic scientism of our present materialistic world. It is a book addressed to all who wish to join with Bloy in taking Christ down from the cross—the Christ who is suffering in poor humanity. This is a book for all who love with an impatient love.

Though Bloy wrote beautiful French "with an inexhaustible vocabulary, with a cadence of sentence . . . with a profoundness of imagery," he is very diffi-

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cult to understand at times. This is due to the fact that he employs symbolism to interpret not only the Scriptures (which he learned from the Abbé Moidrey) but also for the interpretation of secular history. Coupled with this, his continual use of hyperboles places on the reader the burden of almost unrelieved emphasis. All in all, he writes with the vigor of a revolutionary, with the insight of a mystic, with the foresight of a prophet, with the impatience of a passionate lover.

WILFRED SCANLON, C.P.

WITH JESUS SUFFERING

By Nicholas Schneiders, C.P. 554 pages. B. Herder Book Co. \$5.00

Here is a book which is an antidote for most of the modern day readings for children. As the Preface states: "How seldom do mothers and fathers tell the story (of the Passion) to their little ones. Of bedtime stories, vapid and inane fables of fairies and talking animals, there is too much. But of Jesus Christ and His love for children, of the sufferings He endured for them, there is far too little." Often even Catholic children of today avidly read the adventures of Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon; they are wooed to sleep with the latest doings of Mickey Mouse and Orphan Annie and wake to await anxiously the further adventures of imaginary characters, sometimes weirdly unreal.

Now a priest who has spent his entire priestly career in the mission fields of China has written a remarkable book for children, and it is about the sufferings and death of Him who once said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not." It is a well-nigh exhaustive treatment of the Passion of Christ in language not beyond the grasp of an eight-year-old child. *With Jesus Suffering* is a work that fills a long-felt need.

BONAVENTURE GRIFFITHS, C.P.

DIFFICULT STAR

By Katherine Burton. 229 pages. Longmans, Green, & Co. \$2.75

If God's love is manifested by the number and weight of the crosses laid upon the shoulders of His loved ones, then truly was Pauline Jaricot one of God's saints. For as her confessor, the Abbé Würzt, promised in a vision to her long after his death, she was to be a martyr of the heart. Cruellest of her crosses proved to be that of being forgotten, even by the great organization which she had founded, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Pauline Jaricot's life was not extraordinary, but her accomplishments were. As a girl she was beautiful and wealthy—a combination not normally judged to be conducive to sanctity but one which seems to have been surprisingly common among holy persons. A chance meeting

with a saintly priest changed her life from one of selfishness and frivolity to deep piety expressed in the service of God and men as a member of the laity. With her woman's mind she devised a simple but ingeniously clever plan for collecting money for the missions, for organized prayer as realized in the Association of the Living Rosary, for social reforms which were later reflected in Pope Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum*. With her woman's heart she suffered with the needy missionary, with the ill-paid worker, with anyone who needed her prayers and her charity.

Katherine Burton, known to readers of **THE SIGN** as the creator of its "Woman to Woman" page, has like her heroine propagated the faith with enthusiasm and wisdom—her method, of course, being the writing of well-received biographies of outstanding Catholics. Her apostolate continues with *Difficult Star*, which lifts Pauline out of obscurity.

ELIZABETH M. SLOYAN

MAGIC AND MYTH OF THE MOVIES

By Parker Tyler. 283 pages. Henry Holt & Co. \$3.50

Mr. Tyler, to judge by his evaluations, has been brought up on the theories of psychoanalysis and, unfortunately, never got over it. Tyler sees movies through the eyes of the Freudian disciple searching out esoteric symbolism, the hidden meaning, the sex pattern in a representative listing of some recent movies. He fails to include any of the Disney output in his dissertation, but I've no doubt that in his scheme Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse are complex-ridden psychopaths acting as they do because Ma wouldn't let them play with matches or dynamite in their youth.



Parker Tyler

Movies are neither fun nor stimulating when viewed from the distorted angle at which Mr. Tyler sits. Neither, for that matter, is his book, which contributes nothing of value to the problem. Hollywood has made its mistakes in the past and is still making them. The recent cycle of psychiatric themes is one of the most flagrant errors of judgment the moviemakers have made to date. Yet Tyler would prod the screen further along the descent to "Freud's view that beneath the upper levels of the mind lies a vast human capacity to think in terms of frantic passions and above all in terms of symbols." *Magic and Myth of the Movies*, intended as a broadside, develops into a boomerang. Quackery in psychoanalysis has done enough harm to date without branching out on a mass scale.

JERRY COTTER

THE + SIGN

NO PEACE FOR ASIA

By Harold R. Isaacs. 295 pages. The Macmillan Co. \$3.50

This book is a contribution to the literature of world gloom. Harold Isaacs, former Far Eastern correspondent for *Newsweek*, paints a dark picture of Asia. Civil war in China—nationalist war in Indo-China and Indonesia—rioting and mutiny in India—political collision and confusion in Korea and the Philippines—hunger and chaos everywhere! Wherever he went, he found bitter disillusion and despair. American soldiers, he reports, saw the poverty and filth of India, the graft and brutality of China. They reacted, according to Isaacs, with contempt and hatred for "inferior races."



H. R. Isaacs

The author claims that the Asiatics are bitterly disillusioned. Koreans, Annamites, Chinese, Indonesians, all feel that they have been robbed of the promised postwar freedoms. They blame the bitter rivalries of the Western powers—the Americans, Russians, English, French, and the Dutch—who hold them in bondage. This is old stuff.

China comes in for a bad beating. That terrible Chinese Government! Words seem to fail Isaacs when he even thinks of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. However, when the emotions of despair and anger are spent, he succeeds in articulating the words "cruel, unscrupulous, corrupt." Before the end of the war, Isaacs was given a one-way ticket out of China. Of course, he is against American aid to the Chinese Government. Isaacs misses one big point about China. It is a huge family living and struggling for existence within a glass house with no "iron curtains" drawn. That's more than Isaacs can say about some other countries which, strangely enough, this apostle of freedom does not criticize at all.

Toward the end of this book of gloom and doom, the author comes up with a belated formula for world peace. World Socialism is his solution. After proving that the human race is, in fact, thoroughly bad, corrupt, and selfish, he calls upon these fallen humans to become trusting as children and altruistic as saints. He begs the whole world to become socialistic, form world pools of food, transport, and raw materials; liquidate all colonial systems and unite in the United States of the World! This solution is out of this world.

In such an idealistic world of brotherly love, unselfishness, and abounding peace, where would correspondent Isaacs fit in? What, no scandals? This hard-hitting, professional muckraker would be out of a job.

RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

SHORT NOTICES

THE PLACE OF SPLENDOR. By Jessica Powers. 98 pages. *Cosmopolitan Science and Art Service Co.* \$2.00. In a poem entitled "The Rag Man," Jessica Powers, with that magnificent humility which is so utterly and uniquely Christian, computes the value of human love by the indignity to which an Incarnate God subjects Himself in His untiring efforts to gain it. But to compute the value of the divine love which is bestowed on one who answers the appeal of "The Rag Man" is a harder task—one which is the lifelong preoccupation of the contemplative, who, better than anyone else, knows beforehand the inevitability of finiteness's failure to comprehend all that God means to His own creatures. Yet it is only contemplative insights which can evoke that total dedication of love which God deserves and demands of our creaturehood. *The Place of Splendor* gives us the lyrical and majestic utterances of a contemplative who is also one of America's top-ranking poets.

WHAT AILS MANKIND? By Gustave Thibon. 136 pages. *Sheed and Ward.* \$1.75. In seventeen short essays, Thibon probes the body social to diagnose the diseases which are threatening its continued existence. There is nothing superficial about the author's thought. He goes directly to fundamentals and sweeps aside the false and illusory theories associated with modern conceptions of democracy. These are the theories which have fed the cancerous evils they are supposed to cure. A thoughtful reading of this book will provide a satisfying experience to all who wish to go beyond the surface phenomena of social questions.

OUR LADY OF LIGHT. Translated and abridged from the French of Chanoine C. Barthes and Père G. Da Fonseca, S.J. 225 pages. *The Bruce Publishing Co.* \$2.50. Among the sources used by Mr. Walsh in preparing his *Our Lady of Fatima*, also reviewed in these columns this month, was Père Da Fonseca's *Le Meraviglie di Fatima*. Professor at the Pontifical Biblical Institute at Rome, the learned Jesuit has written an authoritative source book on the apparitions of Fatima. This English translation is based on his work. While not having the novel-like readability of Mr. Walsh's work, it has a great deal more information in it. The two books make an ideal combination on the Marian section of your bookshelf.

THE UNITED STATES AT WAR. By Committee on Records of War Administration. 555 pages. *Government Printing Office.* \$1.00. This book is one of a series of studies now being conducted by Federal agencies on wartime activities. It is an overall account of a nation going to war and of the measures taken to bring final victory.

Reviewers

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N. S. TIMASHEFF, Ph.D., is Assistant Professor of Sociology at Fordham University.

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Pray Love, Remember by Consolata Carroll

Moon Gaffney by Harry Sylvester

► Mr. Sylvester has as good ideas for his novels as anyone writing today, ideas which are radical and vital. But his performance does not always match in excellence his perceptive. Of his three novels to date, *Dayspring* is the best. It was preceded by the faulty *Dearly Beloved*, and is now followed by the equally faulty *Moon Gaffney*.

Gaffney, a New Yorker in his late twenties, is the son of a Tammany leader. His upbringing has been what it is conventional, but incorrect, to label "strict Catholic." All his schooling has been in Catholic institutions. His ambition is to be the youngest mayor in the history of New York, and everything in his life is ruled by that ambition. The postulates and morality of machine politics he takes for granted; he accepts unthinkingly all the bourgeois prejudices. He sees no conflict between these and Christian principle. No one at home, in school, in church has ever suggested to him that there might be a conflict; quite the reverse. Then he meets some people more or less closely connected with the Catholic Worker group whose thinking is incisive and whose action is rigorously in accord with their convictions. Moon's painful intellectual, spiritual, and moral growth is the novel's theme.

It is a superb theme, one which is of vast importance and requires courage and competence of a high order for proper and effective handling. Interwoven with it is another equally significant: that of the real, the positive meaning of chastity, as contrasted with puritanical or eel-like casuistic notions. It is regrettable that Mr. Sylvester has not set forth his themes nearly so well as he might have.

For one thing, the characters are rudimentary, shadowy, hard to identify, easy to forget. For another, the action is erratic. But the capital defect is the furious, sometimes almost berserk, approach to the subject matter. Mr. Sylves-

ter is a very angry man, and he has reason to be angry. But his anger destroys his novel because it is not properly harnessed and controlled, hence runs away with the work. It betrays Mr. Sylvester into ridiculous overstatement, into ludicrous caricature, into spleen fantasy. It leads him to perpetrate injustices in the cause of justice, to oversimplify in combating oversimplification, to induce cloudiness where he would throw light.

Here is a young novelist richly endowed with ability and acuity, one who dares to come to grips with essentials, who can clothe these in the living flesh of fiction when he will, who can convey moods and atmosphere brilliantly, who can write with jolting impact when he is not intent on landing haymakers on every page. But his wrathful intemperance is a major failing.

(*Holt*, \$2.75)

Kenny by Louis Bromfield

► This volume contains three short and silly novels. The first has to do with Kenny, a faunlike youngster about whom, the author would have us believe, there is something mystic. Without discoverable antecedents, he appears suddenly on an Ohio farm, displays a marvelous affinity to livestock, marries the daughter of a farm worker, goes off to war, dies (or does he?) on an island in the Pacific, and sends back to his wife a second husband. The second tells of Frank, a lusty, athletic man in middle age who gets a commission in World War II, adulterously brings peace and happiness to an English widow, meets in France an illegitimate son of whose existence he was unaware. The third sketches the career and the doom of Jane, a woman whose life "had been only one long betrayal."

These are sorry potboilers. They lack interest, coherence, depth. Everything about them is hackneyed; they are crawling with clichés; they give evidence of having been hastily written. "I was swept by a sense of complete unreality," the author says at one point. The reader knows just what he means. The one intriguing feature of the stories is that all three protagonists are equally queer specimens. There is something *animal* (italics Mr. Bromfield's) about Kenny, something *animal* about Frank, and

Jane is "not quite human." A menagerie, in other words. Glib piffle. (*Harper*, \$2.00)

The Enchanted by Martin Flavin

► Mr. Flavin starts out with something good, ends up with a tedious botch. At the outset seven children, refugees from Spain, are living on a French farm. They are a gallant company which has survived some of fate's most devastating blows. As the Germans overrun France, they have to leave the farm, are reluctantly taken in hand by a priest, are put aboard a ship leaving Le Havre, are spared (all save one) when a Nazi submarine torpedoes the ship, are taken aboard a sailing vessel carrying an international adventurer, are there in worse peril than they realize, are shipwrecked, and settle down to an idyllic existence on a delightful desert island.

At first the children are credible and absorbing, but when the narrative takes off for never-never land, they begin to grow insipid and finally become bores. This is especially true of the smallest, known as Little One, whose talk turns sibylline, her antics fey. In the course of the yarn much which is preposterous occurs, much, too, which is undoubtedly meant to be symbolic—of what I do not know. Mr. Flavin delivers some solemn animadversions on life, religion, the Church, as empty as they are familiar. And his priest is one of those fictional stand-bys who frantically "cross" themselves at least once a minute.

(*Harper*, \$3.00)

Paradise Alley by John D. Sheridan

► A charming recapitulation of the life of an Irish schoolmaster, this lacks the substance of a full-fledged novel. The materials are there, but Mr. Sheridan has chosen to catalogue, rather than fully to use, them.

The central character is Anthony Domican, in whose family schoolmastering is traditional. As a very young man he comes to Dublin and takes a position in a school populated by boys from the dock area. A considerable span of years is lightly sketched, the high lights being Anthony's friendship with Mandy Logue, his marriage, his rearing of his children, his slow advance to the principalship, his relationship to successive generations of pupils, his dealings with Father (later Canon, still later Archdeacon) Dunphy, his chats with Dooley, the "priest's man."

Mr. Sheridan has chosen to compress all this into 248 pages, which makes for haste and superficiality. He writes well, getting the pith of wisdom and the spice of wit into his pages. His characters are clearly, if quickly, limned, and their doings, however telescoped, are absorbing. In Anthony he gives us an admirable person, a man of perspicacity and integrity, a compassionate and sensible friend of the poor, a good teacher,

a responsible citizen, a very human husband and father. Any reader will be the better for knowing Anthony and, in the course of the acquaintanceship, will have many a delightful experience.
(Bruce, \$2.75)

There's A Spot in My Heart by Frank Leslie

Pray Love, Remember by Consolata Carroll

► Mr. Leslie calls his book "a nostalgic novel," and Consolata Carroll (Sister Mary Consolata) calls hers "an autobiographical novel." They are both period pieces, each picturing a family as a microcosm and spotlighting its several members.

Mr. Leslie has very obviously gone to school to H. L. Mencken; again and again the reader is reminded of Mr. Mencken's *Happy Days*, not because of any duplication of incident but because of similarity in viewpoint, in the kind of phrasing and kind of humor. The setting is New York at the turn of the century, more particularly a brownstone house in the West Seventies where a lively company, headed by Grandfather and Grandmother Monahan, lived. Besides these spirited ancients, the household consisted of Mother, vague and fluttery; Uncle George, a volcano always in eruption (he went to high Mass so as to get enraged at the singing); McCloskey, the elephantine cook; William, a colored man; and young Esmaux Loyola Van Woort, the narrator.

The recital of their doings is uneven. Very often—it is original, zestful, and hilarious, but there are stretches of dullness and desperate resort to routines familiar from countless other books of this sort. The comedy, always based on character, is shrewd and uproarious at its best, but there are occasional spots of vulgarity, the name of God is carelessly employed, and Grandfather Monahan's abandonment of his religion (Catholic) is made to seem an admirable thing.

Where Mr. Leslie uses Catholicism, in the case of the Monahans, mostly for laughs, Sister Consolata shows its central, inspirational, guiding, and consoling role in the lives of the Farrells, a family whose history in an upstate New York town she depicts from before the parents' marriage to a point when the children are beginning to grow up. The author has remembered most things about a Catholic family of this type with fidelity and affection and has managed to get these qualities into her recapitulation. Many will read the book with the joy of recognition and will be delighted to relive days and years of their own lives. For myself, I feel that there is too much concentration on minutiae, not enough attention to a well-proportioned, smoothly moving narrative.

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Letters

Benefits for FBI

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have just had the pleasure of reading your editorial entitled "The FBI's \$,715 Merits Support" which appeared in the May 1947 issue of THE SIGN. I wanted to write this personal note of appreciation for the most thoughtful comment you made concerning the legislation now pending in the House of Representatives to liberalize retirement benefits for Special Agents and officials of the FBI.

We were all glad to learn that the bill received a unanimously favorable report from the Senate Civil Service Committee and has passed the Senate without a dissenting vote.

It is indeed gratifying to have your confidence and support.

J. EDGAR HOOVER

Washington, D. C.

"Just What the Doctor Ordered"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

No, it isn't "Just What the Doctor Ordered," as an article was called in the May issue, but it is what we of the "overcrowded and understaffed" hospitals so often get, these Come-what-may-I-will-be-clever articles.

Thank God, the average patient is about the business of getting well and can take a little routine in his stride. But the type of patient described in your article (and there is one such number running currently on every hospital corridor) has been my "pet peeve" these twenty odd years of hospital life and I should like, for once, to answer back. I am so everlastingly sick of "cute" patients and these "why-must-I-have-my-face-washed-at-5:00-A.M." articles by same.

Why anyone past the age of seven and able to walk—never mind the reading and writing—should find it difficult to understand that, to take from twenty to forty temperatures, wash as many faces, give various and sundry tender personal attentions, can't all be done simultaneously and exactly five minutes before tray time, is beyond me, nor can twenty to thirty trays be served at the sensible hour of 9:00 A.M., shall we say?

To the woman next door dying of cancer, the man two doors down in a heart attack, hospital routine isn't solely an eccentricity concocted just for "cute" people to write cleverly about. The routine four-hour medication, for instance, may mean surcease and rest. It could very well mean lives.

Yes, they baffle me, the current "dillies" (there's one to every corridor). The kind

of person to whom the nurse is a bellboy, the doctor someone to be coy and cute with, the hospital an institution equipped to run solely for their three-day stay.

And the nurse laughed indulgently, did she? The lady can be grateful she did not meet up with an "old gal" to whom those cute remarks were "the final straw." Grateful too, that the indulgently laughing nurse didn't pick up one of the vessels so easy-to-hand in hospitals, and hit her over the head with it.

But then perhaps she could again be gratified that "the routine" had been taken care of, the nurse, laughing indulgently the while, could take time out to dress the resultant wound and to help put in the stitches. Maybe the patient's stay would be a little longer than three days this trip. And that would "learn her" to make cute remarks and write clever articles about three days in a hospital.

GERTRUDE SCHNEIDER, R.N.
Los Angeles, Calif.

The "New York Times Magazine"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Charles J. McGill's article on the *New York Times* properly lauds the service that this great newspaper does its readers. Perhaps the best way to appreciate the *Times* is to imagine what it would mean to American and world journalism to lose "America's greatest newspaper." It is precisely because the *Times* is such a tremendous force that one notes with regret the indulgence consistently shown to Soviet totalitarianism in the *New York Times Magazine*, one of the Sunday sections of the newspaper.

While the *Times* has editorially attacked the intransigence and aggression of the Soviet regime, and has even criticized very adversely aspects of the tyranny under which the Russians are enslaved, the *Times Magazine* has shown a really remarkable tolerance of the Soviet system and regime.

Within the past seven months, the *Times Magazine* has carried friendly articles on such lackeys of the Soviet Union as Tito of Yugoslavia and Pepper of Florida. While *Times* correspondent Camille Ciarfara was reporting in the news columns that Tito's "anti-Catholic campaign follows a pattern closely resembling the one inaugurated by Adolf Hitler," the *Times Magazine* was carrying a flattering picture of the assassin of Mikhailovich and the persecutor of Archbishop Stepinac, and C. L. Sulzberger was writing in an accompanying article: "He (Tito) is neither a political freebooter nor a personal buccaner. . . . He is an idealist, a fanatic who clearly can be ruthless, but in no sense corrupt."

Mr. Sulzberger, one of the *Times*' most brilliant correspondents, is a regular contributor to the *Times Magazine*. His attitude toward what has come to be the most burning question of the day can be judged from the following quotation from an article by him: "The Russians do not understand American democratic methods, logrolling, political mechanics, self-mesmerized, and sometimes arrogant idealism or anarchic antipathy to anything that smacks of economic state control. . . . But authoritarianism can be and historically has been benevolent. The Russian peasant who has been downtrodden in the past perhaps values his economic security more than his individual,

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For Prospectus Address The Dean, Mount St. Joseph, Ohio

independent liberties. He would not want to trade an empty stomach for the right to complain about it."

Certain writers, like H. E. Salisbury, Frederick L. Schuman, and R. H. S. Crossman, can be counted on never to say a harsh word about Soviet policy. And this is the type of writer who readily finds access to the *Times Magazine*. Mr. Salisbury, foreign news editor of the United Press, recently wrote an article in which he examined what he called Russian fallacies about us and American fallacies about the Russians. The reader discovered that what Mr. Salisbury described as American fallacies about the Russian people had to do with the Soviet regime and system and that they were not fallacies at all.

Professor Schuman was allowed space in the *Times Magazine* to utter the following arrant nonsense: "But to conclude, as many do, that the new Muscovy is merely Romanov imperialism writ large or is a bloody-handed tyranny of 'Red Fascists' is to ignore the human realities and the inner dynamics of Soviet society. Unless all words have become meaningless, Soviet socialism, whatever its vices and defects, is not fascism. . . ." And R. H. S. Crossman, a British politician and publicist who evidently thinks Britain is always wrong and the Soviet Union always right, used the *Times Magazine* to state this piece of Soviet appeasement propaganda: "Appeasement is neither a wicked nor a stupid policy if you are dealing with a power that can be appeased in the proper sense of the word—that is, deterred from making war by the settlement of its reasonable claims."

The *Times Magazine* even went so far last year as to request David Slavsky, master of billingsgate on *Pravda*, the official organ of the Communist Party, to write an article for publication in the *Magazine*. Considering the circumstances of the case, the article was bound to be pure Soviet propaganda. The editor of the *Times Magazine* would never have dreamed of inviting Goebbels to present the Nazi case in the *Times*. Thus, the *Times Magazine* shows that it makes a distinction between Soviet totalitarianism and other brands. This is all the more difficult to understand when one considers the strong articles against American Communism which have appeared in the *Magazine*. There is confusion somewhere in the august councils of the *New York Times*.

(REV.) BERTRAND WEAVER, C.P.
West Springfield, Mass.

Empire Collapse?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I have read with much interest, in the April issue of THE SIGN, "Dress Rehearsal for Tragedy," by Michael de la Bedoyere. Mr. de la Bedoyere has confidence that an England literally living on a bed of coal will sooner or later re-establish her coal export trade and thereby achieve a balance in exports. The lamentable fact is that the coal remaining in British mines is of poorer quality than that mined a decade past, that the seams are thinning, and workers often must walk underground seven miles from the pit mouth to the coal face.

Ernest Bevin has said grimly and truly that England must "export or die." Despite herculean efforts last year, exports rose only 10 per cent above those of the depression

year 1938. The markets Mr. de la Bedoyere visions hungering for British goods are blocked by two great obstacles. The first is the lack of incentive. The British workers are bone weary after seven years of war conditions and are suffering from malnutrition resulting from their austerity diet. Secondly, the Pound Sterling is too high today to permit foreign (particularly European) nations to buy. England must cut the pound to somewhere near its real level. But Britain must import today not only the raw material of manufacturers, but the very food-stuffs to keep from starving. And a cheap pound means the cost of all imports rises correspondingly.

Turning briefly to the political facet, we see Winston Churchill's prophecy coming to pass: the so-called Labor, actually Socialist, Government is making of England a police state. Nationalization, actually confiscation, of private enterprise proceeds apace: coal, transportation, communications, the electric industry, the Bank of England have been taken over; tomorrow farming is to be collectivized and the Attlee Government appoints a Royal Commission to consider ways and means of nationalizing the press and extinguishing freedom of speech.

The final answer to Mr. de la Bedoyere's question is the liquidation of the British Empire. The spectacle is so tremendous that we do not grasp it fully. England, for three hundred years the world's banker, is bankrupt and for that reason and that alone, she abandons her treasure house, India, and the fertile East Indian colonies that filled her coffers. Egypt is not given up because of latter-day altruism, but from sheer financial inability to finance its retention. The self-governing Dominions are independent nations; England can no longer afford the fleet that policed the globe for the Pax Britannica.

No American should cheer the British agony, for second only to the British themselves we will suffer from their disaster. A complete debacle in Britain will inevitably bring on a third world war, as Communism moves to snatch the ruins of the Empire.

JOHN E. KELLY

Pittsfield, Mass.

Letter from Baghdad

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Few have written more fascinating accounts of their conversions than St. Augustine, yet he was most eager to see others "break into print" in the Catholic cause. For every book directed against the Faith he wanted a counterbalancing one in favor of the Faith, nor did he demand literary merit. A fresh presentation of the truth had its own merit if it brought more souls to Christ.

It is true that a few books will be failures. Let the public decide that and not the critics. All critics have to do is to point out errors graciously and to suggest to what groups of Catholics the book may have value. Top-notch saintly Catholics have always been the last people in the world to blast the zealous efforts of others. What Catholics have to fear is falsehood, not incompetencies of style. If you know of any books by converts which are not wanted, please send them to Baghdad. We'll devour them over here. I'll never tire of reading of the love of God for men, and I'll never tire of reading of the love of men for God.

July, 1947

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Time and again famine has scourged China. The recent war years brought terrible misery. Last year tens of thousands perished enduring the horrible pangs of starvation. Right now in Hunan and Kwengsi another famine is feared. These extremely tragic events seem certain to be repeated during these next few months. Don't let it happen again!

Our Missionaries are carrying on, doing their best to give relief. But times

are bad. Money is scarce. Prices are inflated. There is so much work to be done—so many hungry mouths to be fed. It is God's work—it must be done. We cannot let thousands of men, women and children starve. They are souls to be saved.

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Won't you give it serious thought? You can do so much. If you are not a member of the penny-a-day Christmas Club for Christ please join now. If you are a member—invite two of your friends to join. Fill in and mail the coupon below.

Passionist Missionaries, The Sign, Union City, N. J.

Dear Father: Please enroll these names in your Christmas Club. Send mite boxes.

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Incidentally, *The Sign of the Cross* and *The King of Kings* are showing to overcrowded houses in this city. Maybe the monastery will find itself basking by the waters of Babylon and gleaming with minarets if Aladdin ever gets his lamp to shine again. Walk Rashid Street any day and you will notice more girls wearing gold crosses than you will along West Street near the Monastery in Union City or in the vicinity of Rockefeller Center. You will notice more Jewish emblems too, and yesterday for the first time I noticed a girl wearing a brooch which may have been a crescent and cross combined, a token of Moslem-Christian solidarity, or a hammer and sickle. She has me worried.

(REV.) JOSEPH P. MERRICK, S.J.
 Baghdad, Iraq

Diserimination or Self-Defense?

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I was very much interested in your editorial treatment of our race problem in a recent issue of *THE SIGN* and if I may be permitted the liberty of a general criticism, I feel that you did not give enough prominence to economic oppression practiced against Negroes in the North as well as the South. I think you might well have included labor unions among the worst discriminators; and the exploitation of the Negro in New York City might well divert the limelight from Mississippi.

However, the chief purpose of this letter is to try to help clarify the position of the unpopular and defenseless Daughters of the American Revolution. We were living in Santa Fe, New Mexico, when the Marian Anderson incident occurred and it was some weeks before we learned what was back of it. The press gave no hint that the Daughters of the American Revolution might be actuated by self-defense rather than simple race discrimination. After a time we had an eyewitness account of disorder at the Paul Robeson concert in Constitution Hall. It was related that on that memorable but unpublicized evening some of the colored folk of Washington left their manners behind them and surged into the Hall where they proceeded to push and crowd their way into the most desirable seats, creating a situation which necessitated calling in police to restore and preserve order. The inference is that the authorities of the D. A. R., rather than risk recurrences, adopted the new policy of making Constitution Hall unavailable to artists who might be expected to draw objectionable people in considerable numbers.

Incidentally, the fact that Paul Robeson gave a concert in the Hall seems to show that there was no color line drawn up to that time.

WALTER A. HULL
 Norris, Tennessee

Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's—not necessarily those of the Editor. Comment concerning articles or other matter appearing in the pages of the magazine is welcomed—whether for or against our viewpoint. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.



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Sept. 8th, Nativity of the B.V.M.
Sept. 21st, St. Matthew, Apostle

Oct. 28th, SS. Simon and Jude
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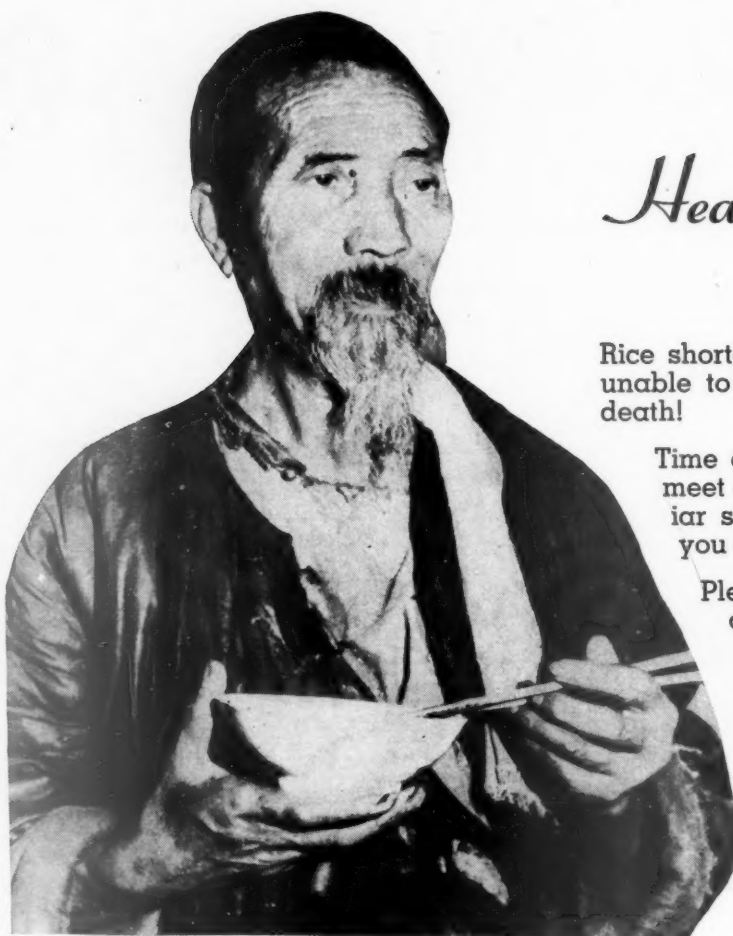
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Please don't! Think of the heartaches of these people. Men and women slowly starving to death. Mothers and fathers forced to watch the drawn-out torments of starving children. Pitiable! More pitiable than we with our well-stocked pantries can imagine!

Our Missionaries are doing everything possible to help these suffering people. But they need money to buy food at postwar inflation prices. Bishop O'Gara writes: "Prices are exorbitant. The cost even of necessary, everyday articles such as writing paper and envelopes is beyond all reason."

SIGN READERS, the plea is urgent. CAN YOU SPARE A DOLLAR? Help these poor unfortunates in their misery. Let every reader feel personally obligated to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, relieve the sick and the dying. You will never miss what you give. [See Page 64]

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